MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The Bismarck Tribune.

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VOL. VIII. BISMARCK D. T., FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1880. NO. 13.

NEWS-NOTES.

—Senator Conkling takes the stump for Garfield early in September.

—Col. Ingersoll is doing noble work for the party in New England.

—Grant will not take any notice of McDonald's pretended whiskey ring disclosures.

Dr. Mary Walker has abandoned the bloomer apparel and now appears in full male attire.

—Nebraska Democrats and Greenbackers have fused and have divided up the state ticket.

—A Republican majority of 60,000 is predicted in Pennsylvania by well informed persons

—Col. Donan will deliver the opening address at the editorial meeting in Minneapolis, October 5th

—Adelaide Neilson died suddenly in Paris on Saturday last. Investigation may prove poison

—The import of gold from foreign countries last year in excess of exports amounted to $77,000,000.

—There is trouble in Ireland. The Irish are in rebellion over 300,000 in arms and England is defied to do its worst

—Chas Johnson, of Minneapolis, has given Hamlin University $500 earned by him as census commissioner for Minnesota

—John Proctor Knot was shot and mortally wounded, on Monday, by the greenback candidate for Congress in his district.

—A contract has been awarded for the construction of four new school houses in the Moorhead Independent school district.

—Commissioner Raum has taken the for Garfield, and will be absent from his duties most of the time between now and election.

—The St. Lawrence will be tunnelled at Montreal for the South shore railway. Walter Shanley, of Hoosac tunnel fame, is in charge.

—Chesnenshon who swore DeYoung bled the first shot in the controversy with Kalloch, gets ten years in the penitentiary for perjury.

—Chas Richmond, jealous of his wife, killed her with a shotgun and then put a pistol ball through his own head in Minneapolis, last week

Congressman Houck, of Tennessee, believes the Repablicans will gain two members of Congress in that State through Democratic quarrelling.

—The New York grand jury have indicted the owners, captain and engineer of the Seawanhaka, and the inspectors that inspected her for manslaughter.

—Two hundred Democratic speakers have turned loose in Indiana for the campaign. At the first grand blow-out in Indianapolis the attendance was very light indeed.

—"There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may," was the remark of the Texan who drew the grand prize in the Louisiana lottery

—Senor Cortiggini commenced last week on the unfinished frescoes in the dome of the capitol, and is said to work much faster than the late Mr Brumidi.

—The Northwestern Railroad Company accept the action of Gen. Poe's commission and pay $28,000 for the use of Fort Grateit military reservation for railroad purposes.

China is at last officially open to the trade of the world, the Emperor having revoked the ancient decree prohibiting natives from engaging in trade with foreign ports.

—Cablegrams announce the death of the famous violinist, Ole Bull, at his home in Bergen, Norway. His wife is a daughter of Hon. J. G. Thorp, Madison, Wis.

—Maud S. and St. Julien each trotted a mile in 2:11¼ at Rochester, New York, last week. Vanderbilt now owns both and Bonner proposes a match with his fast team.

—The sheriff of Labette county, Kansas, has taken old John Bender back to that state He has no doubt but that he is the identical sinner so long sought for. "Murder will out."

—A church choir in Penn Yan, New York, introduced the clashing of a pair of cymbals in their service last Sunday. Church people get pretty near the Devil in their operations sometimes.

—Seth Bullock, in the Black Hills, raised 152 bushels of wheat from two acres of ground. Those valleys about the Hills are so strongly impregnated with gypsum and lime that there is no limit to their wheat growing capacity.

—The Union Pacific company will build an $80,000 monument to Oakes Ames. The Democratic party ought to build another for he did more than all others to restore that party to power through his credit mobilier operations.

—The great Dalrymple farm in Northern Dakota will yield 130,000 bushels of wheat this year. There are 21,000 acres in wheat and 12,000 acres in oats. The wheat will yield eighteen bushels to the acre and the oats sixty bushels.

—Dr. Tanner has received an offer of $1,500 per week to lecture from ocean to ocean. A fasting match will commence in New York September 1st for a $1,000 prize to the one that abstains from food the longest. Already there are five entries. This is a boss chance for some of the western tramps to get their work in.

Madame Laura Hobson, of the leading house of prostition, Baltimore, was recently married to Alex. Brown, senior member of the firm of Alex Brown and Sons, by Rev. Dr. Andrews, rector of Christ Church, Washington. He enjoys an income of $30,000 per annum, and is highly connected He seems to have been coerced into the marriage.

—Bennington, Vt., is "away up." This town has a fountain that throws a stream 185 feet—the highest of any fountain in the world. They also have the highest observatory in the world. The structure reaches an elevation of 150 feet, and the base of it rests on the top of Mt. Anthony, which is 2,500 feet above sea level. Still, farther, it is the home of Trenor W. Park, one of the railroad magnates of the country, who sits on his front porch and smokes the fragrant "Riena Victoria," and draws interest on $20,000,000.

TRIBUNE CHOW-CHOW

ST. JULIEN AND MAUD S. FAIL TO CONNECT.

The Knights Templar Fail—John Kelly Balks—Troubles of Erin—The Whisky Ring—Census Frauds—Ole Bull, Etc.

RED HOT.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 20.—Yesterday was the hottest day in six years in St. Louis. The thermometer made as high as 101 in the shade.

BLAZES.

PITTSBURGH, Aug. 20th.—Lightning struck two oil tanks at Dallas City, Pa., last night. Fifty thousand barrels of oil are now on fire.

SHERMAN SPEAKS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—Secretary Sherman spoke at the Garfield ratification meeting in Washington last night. The meeting was immense.

KELLY ON THE RAMPAGE.

BOSTON, Aug. 20.—A telegram from Montpelier, Vt., says New York advices say Kelly is going to desert Hancock and turn over to Garfield. The source of the rumor is unknown and is probably fishy.

COME TO DAKOTA.

LONDON, Aug. 19.—The large rain fall in Germany has done irreparable damage to the crops. It is estimated that this year's crop will not harvest more than one fourth of the average.

A PARRICIDE.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 20.—The son of ex-Sheriff Hutchinson, who was shot and killed at Pine City Monday last, confessed yesterday that he did the deed because Hutchinson was abusing his mother, who is a Chippewa squaw.

BENNETT'S BOOM.

DEADWOOD, Aug. 20.—The various primaries have been held throughout Custer county, and in each instance the delegates chosen to the county convention were out and out Bennett men, which insures him the delegation to the territorial convention.

THE SWIMMING MATCH

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 20.—The swimming match between Boynton and Fearn at Atlantic City was declared off yesterday, because Fearn was taken with cramps after an hour's swimming. Boynton was leading at the time.

MAY'S LANDING DISASTER.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 20.—An investigation has been ordered as to the cause of the accident to the May's Landing excursion train, and to discover if any parties are criminally responsible for its occurrence. Two more of the victims died to-day.

THE HARP OF ERIN.

LONDON, Aug. 19—Additional forces have been sent to Ireland on account of the continual uprisings and riots. The coast is to be closely watched in order to prevent the landing of arms. Custom House officers have been instructed to exercise unusual vigilance and examine every craft entering any port of whatever kind.

THE RELIGIOUS FIGHT

at Downpatrick was a most serious affray between Orangemen and Catholics. It is estimated that fifteen hundred people were wounded, about three hundred of them fatally. The fight lasted seventeen hours, the police being powerless. The town is now quiet, troops having arrived.

OLE BULL.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—Cable dispatches confirm the death of the celebrated violinist, Ole Bull, at his estate in Bergen, Norway, and state that Mrs. Bull, who is a daughter of Hon. J. G. Thorpe, of Madison, Wis., will remain in Norway during the winter and visit America next spring.

CENSUS FRAUDS.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 20.—It is reported that Superintendent Walker of the census bureau will send an additional force of special agents into the southern states to investigate the reported census frauds. The Superintendent is in daily receipt of letters from all parts of the south, from parties of prominence and unquestionable integrity, bitterly complaining of the

BARE FACE FRAUDS

of enumerators, who are evidently instructed by the politicians. The commissioner at first doubted the reports, but evidence of so unquestionable a nature is accumulating that he deems a thorough sifting of some state reports necessary. The registered increase in population in South Carolina averages 30 per cent, and that, too, in a state that has had no immigration during the last decade.

THE GREAT RACES.

BOSTON, Aug. 20.—St. Julien trotting against time at Springfield, Mass., yesterday, made 2:15. The track is claimed to be from 3 to 5 seconds slower than the Rochester track, and Maud S. could not get under 2:19. She was in bad shape and disconcerted by the crowd, which was large. Hickok offers to trot St. Julien against any trotter or pair in the world for $5,000 to $20,000.

WHISKEY RING.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 20th.—Prominent parties who have examined that portion of Col. Joyce's manuscript already prepared, in rebuttal of Gen. McDonald's expose of the whiskey ring frauds, implicating Gen. Grant and private secretary Babcock, say that it is beyond doubt indisputable and will place McDonald in a worse light than ever before the public. It will be given to the public in a few days.

THE MALTESE CROSS.

CHICAGO, Aug. 20.—The Knights Templar prizes at Chicago have been awarded. First prize to Rapier commandary, Indianapolis; second to E. D. Molai commandary, Louisville; third to Damascus commandary, St. Paul; fourth to Reed commandary, Dayton, O. The position of the last two was changed on the protest of Damascus commandary. The conclave was a great failure throughout, being signally mismanaged.

KU-KLUX.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 20.—It is understood that Deputy U. S. Marshal Osborne has been instructed to take a sufficient force of special deputies and proceed to Andalusia, in Covington county, Ala., and arrest Penton and the other intimidators for whom he has warrants and who resisted arrest a few days ago by an armed mob organized for the purpose. The deputy marshal will have authority to select as many special deputies as he may deem necessary to accomplish the object.

THE MEDICAL FRAUD.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 20.—The body of the medical fraud, Dr. Buchanan, who dealt in bogus diplomas, has not been found, although the river has been thoroughly dragged. It is thought by some that the doctor succeeded in making Wind Mill Island and is endeavoring to escape punishment by leaving the impression that he had been drowned.

Call for Republican Convention.

A republican county convention is hereby called to meet at the city hall in the city of Bismarck, on the 26th day of August, 1880, at two o'clock P. M., for the purpose of nominating three delegates to represent Burleigh county in the territorial republican convention to be held at Vermillion, D. T., on the 1st day of September, 1880, and three delegates to represent Burleigh county in the district convention for the third judicial district, to be held at a time and place to be designated by the district committee. The different precincts of Burleigh county will be entitled to representation as follows: Mandan and west of the Missouri river, five delegates—caucus to be held at the school house in Mandan. Painted Woods two—caucus to be held at the postoffice. Upper Painted Woods, two—caucus to be held at W. M. Falconer's. Seventeenth Siding, two—caucus to be held at the Clark farm. North Apple Creek, two—caucus to be held at Dr. Bentley's. Apple Creek, three—caucus to be held at the Stark farm Burnt Creek, two—caucus to be held at William Gibson's. Bismarck, first ward, four—caucus to be held at C. M. Cushman's office. Second ward, three—caucus to be held at city hall. Third ward, three—caucus to be held at J. N. Rogers' store. The remainder of Burleigh county, two—caucus to be held at J. F. Wallace's. To avoid confusion, precinct and ward caucuses must be held on Aug. 24th, at seven o'clock P. M. By order of the county republican committee.

Dated Aug. 16th, 1880.

GEO. P. FLANNERY,
ROBERT MACNIDER,
E. A. WILLIAMS.

THE CHURCH FUND.

Financial Standing of the Methodist Church—A Good Showing.

EDITOR TRIBUNE:—Permit me through your columns to present to the public a statement of the financial affairs of the First M. E. Church of Bismarck, so far as relates to the church building.

RECEIPTS TO DATE.

Rev J. W. Jackson, D. D.	$ 500 00
Hon. W. C. DePaw, New Albany, Ind., through board of church extension	250 00
Rev. C. C. McCabe, D. D., for board of church extension	200 00
Sundry donations from abroad	140 44
Collected on N. P. Railroad Extension	200 00
Collected in Bismarck	1,124 51
Total	$2,514 95

EXPENDITURES TO DATE.

Lots for church site	$ 600 00
Plans, details and specifications	50 65
Stone foundation	250 00
Excavation for same	5 40
Hardware	194 18
Lumber	500 00
Railroad Freights	857 62
Drayage	30 00
J. P. Hoagland, contractor	450 00
Sundries	57 10
Total	$2,494 95

INDEBTEDNESS.

Smith, Parxer & Co., windows, bill not received, say about	$ 100 00
Sept 1, Clark & McClure, bal on lumber	459 00
Sept 15, John P. Hoagland, contractor	300 00
Oct 15, do do do	320 00
Total	$1,309 00

This does not include the cost of plastering and other inside work, of which I have not received estimates. We are promised $150 more from the board of church extension. I call attention to the fact that more has been obtained from abroad than at home, not in a fault finding spirit, for we have great reason to be thankful for our generous home support, but may this fact inspire us to renewed efforts. This building is to beautify and improve the city of Bismarck. Let us all pull together, get it finished and paid for before winter and then it is done with

Very Respectfully Yours and the Public's Obedient Servant,

JAMES M. BULL,
Pastor M. E. Church.

Bismarck, D. T, Aug. 19,

IT PAYS,

And the Baltimore and Ohio People Now Know it by Experience.

There is no use of attempting argument on the point because it is clear and positive that enterprise and liberality pays in railroading as in everything else. The Baltimore & Ohio has proved this and is profiting by it every day. Look at its passenger traffic now to what it was a few months since. Ten passengers are carried when then there was barely more than one, and this is too in face of a competition that had to resort to the running of special trains against its regular trains to keep anywhere in sight. Meantime the Baltimore & Ohio has continued straight on the line of policy marked out at the start. Its business increased so rapidly as for a short time to make it difficult to handle it, but as rapidly as possible new cars and increased accommodations have been added, and now things move along very smoothly. The monster transfer boat that now carries entire trains across the bay at Baltimore, instead of forcing New York and Philadelphia passengers to make the long, dark ride under the city, works to a charm, but five minutes being required for the transfer as against twenty-five minutes the other way. No where on the line has the improvement been more marked than in the dining halls, and the reputation they are building up is the equal of that now held by the most noted in the country. The halls are neat and inviting, while the meals are perfectly cooked and elegantly served. The new coaches recently put on are very models of beauty and of comfort, and these, with the patent coupler, render the ride through the wonderfully picturesque country traversed by the road one of rare enjoyment. There appears to be no trouble at all to make the time called for by the fast schedule, an engine the other day pulling a heavy train sixty-four miles in sixty-nine minutes, and making three stops.

Visitors to the Wheat Fields.

Hardly a day passes but there arrives by the Northern Pacific, parties of distinguished people of all professions, and tourists, attracted hither by the immense fields of waving grain for which Northern Dakota is noted the world over. This season's crop can not but convince the most skeptical that Dakota's wide-spread reputation is well earned.

Big Nosed George Squeals.

Big Nosed George, who held up Morris, Cahn and party two years ago, near Miles City, was taken from the sheriff on a Union Pacific train a few days ago, and hung until he gave the names of the four connected with him and Dutch Charlie in the murder of Tip Vincent and Sheriff Widdeford for which Dutch Charlie was lynched. They then took him back to the train and turned him over to the sheriff who finally lodged him in jail at Rawlins.

The Episcopal Festival.

The entertainment that came off on Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the Ladies' Industrial Society of the Episcopal church, was a most enjoyable occasion The hall was decorated with exquisite taste, and the tableaux evinced skill of the first order on the part of the managers. The gross receipts were $59, which was fully up to the expectations of the ladies, the whole affair having been the work of a few days only. A rare treat is still in reserve in the musical entertainment to come off in a few weeks, under the same auspices.

A New Feature in Life Insurance.

Mr. G. L. Hayward, of the Hartford Life Insurance Company, has for some weeks past been canvassing along the line of the North Pacific for policies on the lives of railroad men. It is something unusual for Insurance companies to make a special feature of issuing policies on the lives of those whose employment is considered so perilous except at unusually high rates. This company insures an adult of from twento five to thirty years of age at an average premium of twenty-seven dollars in the thousand. Mr. Hayward is on the extension and yardmaster Gilboy says he has nearly all the men on the line.

Look to Your Tree Claims.

The Dakota Tree Planting Company have sold their tree business to H. H. Hanes and A. C. Davis, who will hereafter manage the extensive business of that concern. They will be prepared to deliver trees of any sort to any point reached by rail or river, and will make a specialty of planting and cultivating timber culture claims, guaranteeing, under proper conditions, their work. Both are practical, hard working men, and will infuse new blood, new life and new energy into the Tree Planting Company and into the business. THE TRIBUNE recommends them to the favorable consideration of those wanting anything in their line.

The Mess at Yates.

The secretary of war has decided that the troops shall remain at Standing Rock. Gen. Sherman recommends that Agent Stephan and Major McLaughlin of Devil's Lake change places. Major McLaughlin would have been in charge of Standing Rock agency some weeks ago but for the trouble kicked up. Major McLaughlin is one of the finest men on the face of the earth, and if he does go to Standing Rock, there will be reason to rejoice. He will do the Indians more good than a score of priests and sisters, with a Sunday school every day in the week thrown in.

THE PROMISED LAND

THE WAVING FIELDS OF GOLDEN GRAIN.

Impressions of Prominent Men---Hon. I. W. Barnum---Sam. Bowles, Jr.--Hon. Schuyler Colfax--Future of Dakota.

I. W. Barnum, of Brooklyn, New York, writing the Union *Argus* under date of Aug. 4th from Sanborn, Dakota, says:

There are no farmers here that can be induced to leave Dakota. This section beats the world in raising wheat in quantity and quality. The cool springs with the great strength of soil especially adapted to wheat, is the secret. The grain grows slowly and strongly in the spring, the almost continuous cool winds making the stalks and roots as sturdy as an oak and well prepared to withstand the long summer days, and develops the greatest amount of grain in weight and bread-making quality known. One great cause of failure in milder climates is the premature development in the spring; they have more straw than grain. It is clearly demonstrated now for the seventh season that this section is better adapted to wheat raising than any of the states south of it. They are already beginning to come here from all over the world to witness the harvesting of the greatest and best crop of wheat ever grown. Dalrymple's 21,000 acres in wheat is a small amount in comparison with the thousands of small farmers who have from 160 to 640 acres. "Twenty five to forty bushels per acre" is the talk here. "It never looked so promising as now." Dakota and Minnesota will have, it is said, over 50,000,000 bushels. I shall have nearly 1,000 acres in wheat next year; have put up over 300 tons of hay, and such hay! One ton of it is worth more than two of our best eastern timothy. This section is not restricted to raising the best wheat in the largest quantity known, but is already fast filling up with stock, and will soon be a great stock country. As you see I am in the town-site business as well as farming. How many thousands there are in Brooklyn and New York who barely make a living, that could soon be well-off if they would come to this country and rough it for a short time.

The Springfield *Republican*, whose editor, Sam Bowles, Jr., recently visited this country, in its issue of Aug. 13th gives a full and interesting account of matters pertaining to the reorganization of the North Pacific; the development of the country, etc. The October number of the *American Agriculturist* will contain a full account of the great farms on the line of the North Pacific from the pen of Orange Judd, its editor, who visited these great wheat fields during harvest. Schuyler Colfax also visited these farms this week, and will doubtless give to the world his impressions. THE TRIBUNE begs to refer to any one of these gentlemen for facts in relation to the North Pacific. The editor is confident he has never made a statement in relation to this country that they will not endorse.

Another Settler.

Dr. Wm. A. Bentley proved up on his homestead claim Monday last. The Doctor was credited with three years' residence for honorable service during the war of the rebellion, under the provisions of the soldiers' homestead law. It is a fine property, as is evidenced by this year's crop.

Bismarck at Minneapolis.

A citizens meeting was held last Monday evening and took the first steps toward proper representation at the Minneapolis Fair. J. P. Forster, John A. McLean, Alex McKenzie, L. N. Griffin and Wm. Thompson were appointed a committee to solicit subscriptions. McLean's sub-committee raised in two hours $130; Forster's $60, leaving only $90 to be provided. The people are awake and mean to be well represented. It will prove of untold advantage. The products of this country only need to be shown to be appreciated. A boom similar to that of the Red River country will begin next year.

Whitney's Opera House.

Never have the houses been so crowded as they have this week, and never a better bill been given—everything new and original. Miss Ella Howe, one of the principal attractions, has gained great favor with the audience. A new and odd performer in the shape of a trained dog bearing the cognomen of "Joe," made his debut and created great merriment in the very funny interlude of "Beasley's Dog." As a destroyer of garments he is a success. Trixy Vernon and Gracie Thomas are both great favorites. Their appearance is always a signal for thunders of applause. The comedy of "A Devil of a Scrape" concluded the performance. It is very spicy, and from beginning to end kept the audience in convulsions of laughter. Den Howe, in his great character of Trott, is simply immense. It would be hard to find a better comedian than Mr. Howe. His facial expressions are very amusing. Great attractions are in preparation.

Miscegenation.

A white man bearing the euphonious cognomen of Zink, and said to be the possessor of a comfortable share of this world's goods, became seriously infatuated with a "lady of color" residing at Fort Lincoln, by name Miss Annie Osborne. So much was he "mashed" that Tuesday they drove into town behind a good looking span of mules and sought the services of County Register Richards that he might, officially, more firmly bind the two hearts that beat as one and by judicial process make two souls think much more alike. The accommodating Register complied with their wishes to the extent of five dollars worth. No grooms-men having accompanied the bridal party, two city officials near at hand were requsted to act as such. They likewise were presented each with a five dollar "William." The happy pair departed and opened a case of beer among a few friends, and about the setting of the sun were seen quietly wending their way toward the classic precincts of Fort Abraham, there to enjoy the superb felicity of an August honeymoon. May their pathway through life be strewn with sunflowers and hollyhocks.

PURELY PERSONAL.

R. M. Kieler, of Green River, was at the Merchants yesterday

H. Sweet, a stock raiser of Montana, resides at the Merchants

Alex. McKenzie left for Fargo Thursday with a United States prisoner.

Mr. H. G. Newport, of Newport & Lee, the contractors, was in town Wednesday.

Edwin Allen, Indian agent at Fort Walsh, is in town, and goes up on next boat.

S. Holzman, a prominent merchant of Deadwood, registered at the Merchants Tuesday

Col. Lounsberry left for St. Paul, Thursday morning on a business trip, and will return Monday.

Henry Weidman, an old time Bismarcker from Poplar Creek, was at the Merchants Monday

Col. Wilson left for Pembina Thursday. He believes in Bismarck, and thinks it will be the Omaha of Dakota.

Orange Judd, the veteran editor of the *American Agriculturist*, went chicken shooting with Bell of the Bank of Bismarck.

James Taylor, of the Yankton *Herald*, and P. H. McNamee, of Deadwood, arrived at the Merchants by Wednesday's coach.

Mrs. D. L. Rockwell, who was quite seriously injured in the recent Pittsburg and Fort Wayne railroad accident, is at the Sheridan.

Mr. J. H. Hallett, of Brainerd, formerly a prominent business man of this city, arrived last night and will remain about six weeks.

Capt. O'Toole, post trader at Fort Keogh, and wife, arrived from St. Paul, Saturday, and leave by steamer Gen. Terry for the Yellowstone to-night.

Mr. Early Q. Cumber is in town. He appears rather "fresh," perhaps a little "green," but will cholern fellow and double him up on the slightest provocation.

R. W. Day and wife, of Atlantic, Iowa, arrived by Thursday's Deadwood coach at the Merchants and went east Friday. Mr. Day is a prominent citizen of his state

Mr. R. Emmerson, an extensive manufacturer of agricultural implements at Peoria, Ill., accompanied Mr. Orange Judd as far as this city, and returned east Wednesday.

G. W. Boley, a brother of Elijah Boley, of Mandan, registered at the Merchants yesterday and went east this morning Mr B has been visiting his brother for some time.

Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, accompanied by Bishop Spaulding, of Peoria, Ill., and Rev. Thos. L. Power, of Minneapolis, arrived Tuesday night, leaving Wednesday morning for the end of the track.

W. H. McBride, postmaster at Clinton, Pa., has been spending some weeks among the Dakota wheat farms, and is surprised at the immense fields of grain to be seen on the Dakota divisions of the N. P.

Harry Crump arrived from the line of the road between here and Miles City this morning. He says there is nothing very interesting except that there is some sport to be had among the "curlews," and was not loth to bring down a few.

Messrs. Theo French, A. B. Nichols, Teos. Simons, of Washington, and Chief Engineer Anderson, of New York, looked over the rising metropolis of the northwest, Tuesday last. They came by special car chaperoned by Supt. Towne.

Rev. J. H. Macomba, of Anoka, Minn., registered at the Sheridan, Wednesday. Mr. Macomba has been appointed Chaplain, U S A, and ordered to Fort Apache, Arizona. He is perfectly delighted with Bismarck and the surrounding country.

E. H. Prentice, A. D. Davidson and H. L. Coates, of Lyon county, Minn., arrived here from Green River to-day. They want to buy six townships of land to settle a Belgian colony upon. They have looked over the provinces of Kewan and Manitoba in British America, but haven't yet made a selection.

Mr. Colfax's Farm.

Schuyler Colfax was unusually pleased with Bismarck and its surroundings, and will make investments here. He owns 3,000 acres of land near Fort Abercrombie worth $30,000, the result of a $10,000 investment in bonds before the panic of 1873. He offered the bonds once for $1,200, but concluded to put them into land instead, the valuation of which is $30,000. He will improve this large farm next year.

RIVER RIFFLES.

The Eclipse is still laid up at the landing.

The steamer Gen. Terry leaves to-day for Terry's Landing.

The little Minnie H. cleared yesterday for some unknown point, headed up stream.

River at this point has risen about six inches up to last night and is now at a stand still.

The Benton line steamer Helena passed Buford on her way down at 6 p m, 19th. She loads for Benton and leaves here Monday morning.

Steamer Fontenelle passed Fort Yates yesterday at 3 p. m. She will arrive here this evening and leave for Sioux City Saturday morning.

The Big Horn will take on her freight to-morrow and will leave for Keogh on Saturday morning. This will be the last Coulson boat for the Yellowstone river this season. Shippers and passengers will govern themselves accordingly.

Steamer Rose Bud passed Buford at 3 p. m. yesterday, en route from Fort Benton to this place. She has on board 85 head of cattle, twenty tons of wool and a good passenger list. The Rose Bud will return to Cow Island from this place.

The Sherman arrived Monday and met with the same action on the part of the roosters as did the Batchelor last week, viz: a strike for $60 per month. It might be better to present the fleet of river steamers to the roosters and let the officers turn in as deck hands. Perhaps more money could be made than by the present system.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE® NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

LONGINGS FOR HOME.

My spirit is yearning to-night with desire—
Unquenchable longing, doomed ne'er to expire—
That strives in its bountiful vigor to blast
The hopes of the present and joys of the past.

I'm longing, as only the homeless can long,
To list as of yore to the lullaby song;
To see my young sisters, in innocent glee,
At play with their dolls 'neath the old beechen tree

Or, with my wild brother, to wade in the stream
That glided close by 'neath the sun's living gleam
Or to launch tiny ships, and send them to sea,
As eager as Captain and sailor could be.

I'm longing, I'm longing, for all the loved scenes
That come when the shadow of night intervence,
And, silently, vigils o'er the wanderer keep,
As he softly murmurs in his home-dream sleep.

Oh, hours of wild rapture! breathe on me the spell
That brings me those pleasures with which I would dwell,
And give me the pinions of fancy to fly
To the home of my childhood, and there let me die.

Oh, stranger! whose bark is at rest on the sea
That foams in wild fury and chaos 'round me,
Light up your bright beacons of love, so the boat
May safely reach harbor, though fiercely storm-tossed.

For love is the beacon of light and of life,
The rapture of living, allayer of strife,
The key to the heart in humanity's breast,
The giver of joy and bestower of rest.
—*Chicago Ledger.*

ALL BUT BURIED.

There are a goodly number of people alive at the present time who know the great horrors of the cholera plague of 1832.

In the town of Prescott, in Canada, just across the St. Lawrence river from Ogdensburg, N. Y., this terrible scourge raged with terrific virulence, and many who were, in that little place, well and happy in the early morning were buried by evening and—nearly forgotten. But I will relate an incident of this dreadful time and unfortunate place, which, though very serious from the impending consequences that were about to happen, happily turned out without dire disaster.

A young married couple, Kews by name, had recently moved into this little town, and were completely wrapped up in the novelty of housekeeping for themselves and the enjoyment of their honeymoon, which, with them, had but fairly begun. They were an affectionate couple, and loved each other tenderly. They were not wealthy, but were happy and contented, and contentment is better than the riches of Ophir with discontentment.

They were only fairly settled and living in earnest when the cholera made its appearance in Prescott. They felt a pardonable uneasiness as friends around them were being stricken down, and in a short time thereafter carried, in a rough manner, without kindred or other mourners, to a shallow pit, and rudely thrust in and, in a twinkling, buried from sight.

They kept on in the place and did everything they could to ease the afflicted, or prepare them for burial, as well as the meager means at their command would allow. But they were human and knew that either of them might be the next victim of this sad visitation. While they were human, they were above ordinary humanity, for selfishness was not an element in their composition. Many a soul went into eternity with the comforting words of Nellie Kews sounding in their ears of a better world.

While Harry Kews was doing the best he could to furnish rough boxes for the dead, so that they might be buried with some show of decency, his devoted wife was doing her duty by preparing them for the box, the drayman and the trench.

One morning as they were preparing for the day's work, Harry noticed that his wife looked paler than usual, and he thought she was overtasking herself, and he gently remonstrated against her working so hard.

"Your face looks haggard this morning, dear, and I am afraid you are sick. Rest to-day and don't worry about that which cannot be helped," he said.

"No, Harry," she made answer, "I am not sick, although I must admit that I feel fatigued, but, oh, you know somebody must relieve these poor beings. They suffer horribly, and I must do all I can to assist them. I trust I will be better soon."

"Darling," Harry answered, "you are wearing yourself out, and ought to take some rest. Stay at home now, and you will be fresh for work again to-morrow. We must try and save ourselves, not only for our own sakes, but for these unfortunates; for, if we are down, there will be more suffering, and God forbid that this people suffer more than they now do."

"Well, Harry, perhaps it will be best. At any rate, I will lie down and rest until noon, or until I feel better," she returned.

He gave her the usual kiss as he left her to go to his labors in another part of the town. His heart was heavy this morning, and a feeling of uneasiness came over him as he slowly walked on. He had his misgivings. He was afraid that something unusually horrible in this place of horrors was about to happen. Try as he might to throw off the idea, it would still present itself. He had a strong will, and he determined to oppose all fanciful notions, and so he kept on until he reached his destination, when he went briskly to work.

But the time passed wearily on, as Harry worked away, at times singing snatches of songs, and then whistling by turns, and trying to make himself believe he was happy. But it was not so, for that peculiar something in his soul, which no man s able to explain, still told him that there was something unusual about to happen, which might wonderfully affect his whole life. It seemed to him like a half-forgotten evil dream, dreadful but not intelligible

When noon came he opened the lunch that his kind wife had prepared for him, and, as he saw how nicely her deft fingers had placed each article of food so that it might retain its shape and freshness, and the arranging of each dish, and supplying him with that that she knew he was most fond of, which showed her tender regard for him, then, indeed, he was happy in possessing such a treasure. And then again broke in upon his mind the thought that she whom he had loved so much might be a victim of this dread disease—that Nellie, *his* Nellie, even now might be suffering untold agonies. He determined he would not think of it. It could not, must not be. His appetite had deserted him. He could eat nothing, and so he rose up and paced back and forth, back and forth across the long room, trying to quiet a mind that would not be quieted.

He then resumed work, determined to conquer himself and place himself above hallucinations. And then he toiled on for another hour—eighty minutes, almost an age for him—and the strain was too great, he could bear it no longer, and, throwing aside his implements, he took his coat from its peg, and, taking his ax upon his shoulder, he started on a brisk walk for home. As he was nearing a crossing of the road that led past the cemetery, he saw a drayman, and directly behind him on the dray another man, seated upon one of those dreaded boxes that told of another unfortunate

As they drew nearer Harry recognized one of his near neighbors, who had charge of the box, and, as he felt an interest in the affair, he halted the dray, and, addressing his friend, said:

"Who have you there this time, Tom? It must be some of our neighbors."

But Tom made no answer. He could deny nothing. His face was downcast and a sorrowful expression upon it. The other was also silent, but a peculiar expression was on his countenance, which still more mystified Harry.

"Why don't you answer, man?" asked Harry, as a suffocating feeling was gathering about his heart.

"I cannot, I cannot," moaned Tom.

"What is the matter? Why don't you answer? It is—it is—no, no, it cannot be Nellie," Harry went on, as Tom made no reply. "It must be Nellie. Oh, Nellie, Nellie."

Still Tom could say nothing. There he stood upon the dray, with folded arms and averted, sorrowful face; for he knew within that rude casket was the body of Nellie Kews.

In an instant Harry sprung on the dray, and, thrusting the dumbfounded Tom aside, with a few well-directed blows with his ax he had the lid of the box lying in pieces about him. As he leaned upon the handle of the ax, as it rested upon the platform, the look that overspread his face was one of intense anguish and horror at finding the darling of his heart in this rude casing and being dragged from his sight to be buried without his knowledge or farewell look. Not a word or groan escaped from his lips. He stood over her, as pale as herself—dumbfounded, horror-stricken and in despair. His eyes were riveted upon the upturned face of her who was dearer to him than all the world beside. But in a moment his aspect changed; his eyes had the bright look of great hopes. He was now all animation, and, dropping his ax, he reached forward and gently, but wonderfully quick, raised his darling to his breast, and, stepping down, strode rapidly toward his home with his precious burden. Not a word had been spoken by either party. The amazed men could say nothing. They were speechless. They thought that Harry Kews was a maniac, and had taken from them a proper subject for burial. But they appreciated their situation, and saw that it was impossible to have a funeral properly without a corpse, and that was the thing they now lacked. So they turned about as soon as their amazement would permit, and followed the course taken by Kews. Before they could overtake him he had disappeared through the doorway. They saw him as he entered, but concluded that it would be a dangerous task to try and secure him and get the corpse without additional help, and so they drove on, and searched the sadly-depopulated place for assistance. After some time they had got together all the force that could be spared, and then proceeded on their way. Upon throwing open the door their amazement knew no bounds when they saw that their supposed corpse was sitting up and leaning her head upon the shoulder of her devoted husband, while he was administering medicine to her. And what was better, she was able to talk to him. The unbidden guests soon saw that a terrible mistake had barely been prevented, and as quietly as possible most of them withdrew, only two remaining to help all in their power to save the noble woman who had nearly given her life for the good of others.

There is but little more to tell. It is necessary to say before concluding, however, that one of the neighbors of the Kews family had come in after Harry had been gone from home an hour or two, and had found Nellie lying upon the floor apparently dead, and rushing from the house told the first person she met that there was a corpse at the Kews, house, and the proper parties had gone, as soon as they could attend to it, and had her boxed, and were off for burial, when they fortunately met the husband on the road, as related above, and which prevented a terrible catastrophe. I am unable to explain why the parties did not let the husband know of the death of his wife, but they did not. (The writer of this story wishes to say right here that the last sentence, as well as the essential part of this article, is true, or was related to him by parties in whom he has implicit confidence, as facts.) The only theory I can give for not doing so is this; they supposed Nellie was actually dead, and they knew of the great love between them, and thought that Harry might insist upon keeping the body with him for some time, thereby endangering the lives of himself and others. Nellie soon was as well as usual, but a kind husband prevented her from further over-exertion, and so they both passed safely through the plague without further mishap, and, I am pleased to add, lived many happy years in each others society—long enough, in fact, to tell the story of their great experience during the cholera season of 1832 to their grandchildren, of how their kind old grandmother was all but buried.

What English Soldiers Eat.

It will be interesting to our army men to learn the details, just published, of the rations of the British soldier in the field. A pound of bread, a pound of fresh meat, half a pound of fresh vegetables, three-quarters of a pound of flour, and, at the discretion of the commanding officer and medical staff, a pint of porter or half a gill of spirits, form the daily ration. As it is not always practicable to obtain bread, fresh meat, or fresh vegetables, three-quarters of a pound of biscuit, flour, or rice, are to be considered equivalent to the ration of bread; a pound of salt meat or three-quarters of a pound of preserved meat may be substituted for the fresh-meat ration, and two ounces preserved vegetables, one ounce compressed vegetables, or a quarter of a pound of onions or leeks may take the place of fresh vegetables.

When a man's aft collar button comes off his choler rises.

AN OLD MAN'S LOVE.

BY ARVIDE BALDWIN.

An old and feeble man was this
Of whom this story's told to-day;
Sorrows he'd known as well as bliss,
And he had nearly closed life's play;
But still he had no thought that time
Had such wild wings as it flew on,
And so he passed his life of prose and rhyme,
And youth, he thought was here, was gone.

And manhood in its prime had disappeared,
While wrinkles deep, marked o'er his face,
Had now to show that what he feared
While young had found a lodging-place;
But still he would not know 'twas so,
But toiled on with dry and creaking bones,
Trying to keep ahead of worldly woe,
And shunning the place that's covered o'er with stones.

And thus he toils, with shoulders stooping down,
Writing with greatest will, to-day,
And looks not up. But o'er his crown
Of gray the morning sunbeams play;
Perhaps 'twill not be wrong to steal a look
Upon the page where crooked lines are seen,
And see what's in the heart's remotest nook
Of age; and what its love has been.

And so we look, and this is what we see
Scrawled upon the sheet before us;
'Twill show that with us, early though death be,
Those that live will e'er deplore us,
And though our mate may live an hundred year
And five and seventy more than we,
He'll only recollect through smiles and tears
Our youth and its sad destiny.

* * * * * * *

Dear Lena, thou springtime of my soul,
I long to clasp thee in these arms again,
To shield thee from the ills and pain
This life controul.
Thou wert my joy but a few days ago,
But death hath robbed thee from the earth,
And taken youth and beauty well as worth,
And only memory left to know
That thou was here, and all that's good of thee.
I feel a hand! I think it must be thine!
Aye, those fingers that so quietly intertwine
Are thine for me—
Ah, yes, indeed, it is. I hear a sound!
That gentle voice only here could be!
And thus I hear her say, "Come up to me;
Pleasures here abound."

I've missed thee long—aye, many a day,
My love so beautiful in form and face,
And o'er whose brow no sign, no trace
Is found of life's decay.
Return to me, that I may see thee yet—
That I may love thee as in days gone by—
We'll foster joys, that ills of earth may die,
And not our paths beset.

Answer, my love, and tell it unto me
That thou wilt come and ease my aching heart.
What dost thou say? "Here, love, we never part
Come up to me."
I must, for life without my youthful bride
Is tasteless, and I'd better far be there
And breathe the incense of the heavenly air,
When death hath died.

So wait for me, I'll soon be there with thee,
For I am getting tired, and down will lie,
And rest myself before the trip, I try,
To once more see
And love thee, more than I have loved thee yet.
And the trembling hand is weakening now,
As he guides the pen, and wonders how
He'll cross unto his pet.

But he loves to talk to his darling one,
And he toils on and tells her of his love;
Of how he'd die to meet her up above,
If otherwise it can't be done.
The pen is wandering o'er the page,
The scrawls are almost meaningless,
But love abounds in this rude dress,
And it is not lessened e'en by age.

At last the pen drops from his hand;
The hand falls listless by his side;
The ardes of youth the aged furrows hide
To speak a better land.
They touch the wrinkled brow so clammy,
With death's stain stamped upon the clay,
They know that now his soul's begun the day
In regions ever balmy.
No more will sorrows crowd upon his head;
His dreams of Lena are now realized;
And all the good for man by Heaven devised
Are resting on his bread.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

The trouble in this country is not so much that we cannot raise coffee as that we can't settle it.

Fisk university, at Nashville, has been presented with a bell weighing 2,000 pounds.

When some politicians are weighed they are found wanting every office in which there is a vacancy.

We hear of a man who has made a fortune by attending to his own business! This is authentic. But then he had few competitors.

Jones says it isn't the color of her hair that troubles him in choosing a helpmate. The color of her money is what interests him vastly more.

"I didn't at all expect company to-day," said a lady to her visitors, with a not-very-pleasant look, "but I hope you will make yourselves at home." "Yes, indeed," replied one of them, starting off, "I will make myself at home as soon as possible."

"Yes," said a witness, "I remember the defendant's mother crying on the occasion referred to. She was weeping with her left eye—the only one she has—and the tears were running down her right cheek." "What," exclaimed the Judge, "how could that be?" "Please your Honor," said the witness, "she was awfully cross-eyed."

A damsel from over the river was looking over some books in a Quincy bookstore, endeavoring to make a selection, when the clerk asked, "How would you like the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table?'" She replied: "Oh, we've got two of 'em now, one of 'em just as good as new—only been washed twice."—*Modern Argo.*

"You must not play with that little girl, my dear," said an injudicious parent. "But, ma, I like her; she is a good little girl, and I am sure she dresses as pretty as I do, and she has lots of toys." "I cannot help that, my dear," replied the foolish mother; "her father is a shoemaker." "But I don't play with her father; I play with her; she ain't a shoemaker."

Lord Beaconsfield is completing a novel which he began long ago. Queen Victoria has shown her kindly feeling for him by hanging his full-length portrait at Windsor. Somebody, it is said, once asked him how it was that the Queen showed him so much favor, and got a simple answer: "Well—er—the fact is, I—er—never contradict, and—er—I sometimes—er forget."

A writer in the Boston *Transcript* thus relates a tale of woe: "The young lady came and tried to sell me a manuscript story. 'My teacher likes it,' she said, when I repeated our usual formula of no space, no money, no time and no anything to her. 'Teacher an editor?' I inquired finally. 'No, indeed,' was the answer; 'she's a person of refinement and education.'"

A succession of direful shrieks is heard on the first floor. Fond mother—"What is the matter with Billy?" Colored servant—"Please, ma'am, he's crying about de jewberries." "He can't have any more. He has had four saucerfuls already." "Dem is de berry ones he am whooping about. He's all swolled up."—*Galveston News.*

When Jones is asked by the "boys," in the presence of Mrs. J., to go on a gander party, and the lady of his heart says, with her peculiar rising inflection; "Jones!" he knows that the unit rule will be enforced, and quickly answers: "Should like to go, boys; but, 'pon honor, I believe I'm engaged that night."

Jones propounded the following the other evening, after sipping of his alleged tea: "Why is this drink like milk?" Of course nobody could guess, and after he had divulged by saying it was a lack-teal fluid, nobody dared to smile. They knew that the landlady's eyes were upon them.

A Yankee came running down to a pier just as a steamer was starting. The boat moved off some four or five yards as he took a jump, and, coming down on the back of his head on deck, he lay stunned for two or three minutes. When he came to the boat had gone the best part of a quarter of a mile, and, raising his head and looking to the shore, the Yankee said: "Great Jehosaphat, what a jump."

A young mother, in despair of ever teaching her idle little girl, aged 4, her letters, and thinking that perhaps the child knew more than she would admit, said: "Now, Katie, I won't try to teach you to-day; you shall be mother, and shall teach me my letters." "May I really and truly be mother?" said Katie. "Yes, my darling." "Let's begin, then," was the response. "You have been a very good child to-day and you may have a whole holiday!" and Katie shut up the book and ran off laughing.

The earliest method of engraving was upon wood, which was known to the Chinese before the Christian era, but was not known in Europe until the middle ages, when it was introduced by the inhabitants of the Celestial empire. Engraving upon metallic substances was not practiced in Europe until the first half of the fifteenth century, although it is probable that the art in this form was also known to the Chinese long before.

They were playing a game they call eucher. She held both bowers and the king, and two aces of other suits, but she was a novice at the game. A young man who was teaching her looked at her cards and warmly exclaimed: "What a lovely hand." She looked him straight in the eye and murmured, "You may have it if you want it." All the rest of the evening he wondered if he was the victim of a leap-year proposal.—*Norristown Herald.*

To remove dandruff: To one pint of alcohol add gum-camphor as large as a small hickory nut. This, so to speak, merely camphorizes the alcohol. Bergamot or oil of rose, or any other essence, may be used to perfume, as the individual desires. Wet the scalp with this daily. It will also be found a stimulant of the scalp, a promoter of the hair, and will, in many instances, prevent it from falling out. For dryness of the hair add a small quantity of glycerine or castor oil.

We have often read of thumb-pots for plants. An egg shell is a very inexpensive one, and answers its purpose well: break one end a little larger than you do the other, making simply a small hole; then fill with earth, and if you wish to put plants in them, set in a box the height of the shell; fill the spaces with earth; the plants start splendidly, and can be taken out and handled very easily. As the shell is much lighter than pots, they are more desirable for shipping; fill the space with moss or any light substance used for that purpose.

Fodder Corn may be sown in drills, two and a half to three feet apart, and at intervals of ten days for several weeks to come. It is not well to sow the seed broadcast, as the plants, to do the best, need to be cultivated while young, and for this purpose drills are necessary. The smaller varieties are preferable on account of superior fineness of the fodder. The notion that sweet corn is better for corn fodder than the ordinary field sorts is without foundation. That the grain is sweeter in the former does not indicate that the stalks are any better.

The Uses of Water.—Water-power for household purposes has been brought into use at Zurich. Firewood, for example, is to be sawn into convenient lengths for burning. A small sawing-machine, on wheels, is drawn by two men to the front of the house. They connect it by a flexible tube with the nearest hydrant; the water flows to the machine; the saw dances, and cuts up the wood with surprising rapidity. The quantity of water used is shown by an indicator affixed to the sawing-machine. A portable turbine has also been invented, and employed in many places in the city, in driving a Gramme machine for the production of electric light. Water is sold very cheap in Zurich; but there are perhaps other towns in which this, so to speak, domestic water-power could be advantageously introduced. A turbine of about four inches in diameter has for some time been sold. Its office is to work a sewing-machine. An india-rubber tube is attached to the ordinary water-supply—a similar tube acting as waste-pipe to the nearest sink.

Artificial Diamonds.

A great deal has been said lately of the discovery of a method of making diamonds. At first the discovery was denied, and lastly it was declared true, that something that behaved like a diamond had really been made. It was a pure crystal; it would cut sapphire; it split like a diamond; and burned like a diamond.

The chemist who has succeeded in making these diamonds is J. B. Hanny, of Glasgow, Scotland, and his process may be briefly described. A hydro-carbon gas—that is, a gas compound of hydrogen and carbon—is forced under enormous pressure into a very strong iron tube about four inches in diameter, and having a bore of only one inch.

Chemicals containing nitrogen that have a tendency to combine with the nitrogen, and thus leave the carbon free, are placed in the tube with the gas. Under great pressure and at a red heat this is said to take place, and, on breaking the tube open, the pure carbon is found as minute crystals on the inside of the tube.

These crystals are the artificial diamonds. They are very small, but it takes a long time and much labor and money to make them, and they are of no value whatever as diamonds.

They are too small to be of any use, and if any young gentleman thinks that when the time comes for him to buy an engagement ring he can get an artificial diamond cheap, the poor girl will be dead, or married to another man, before that day appears.

This is the whole of the matter—diamonds can be made, but it's not worth while to make them.

A SUMMER'S ROMANCE.

They met, and when the fair one gazed
Upon his whiskers fine
She felt that she had found at last
The paragon divine.

They courted through the summer months
And married in the fall;
She gave her heart and hand, and he
Gave beard, mustache and all.

One night they passed in pleasant
A happy wedded pair;
But, ah, alas! the next morn's light
Brought sorrow and despair.

The Count arose and washed his face,
But fear o'erwhelmed his soul;
The glue had started, and he left
His whiskers in the bowl.

The wife looked up; she saw his face
Smooth as a new-mown lawn;
Save here and there a single hair,
His whiskers were all gone.

She swooned and fell upon the floor,
Her reason overthrown;
The Count secured her jewelry
And left for parts unknown.

SAVED BY LOVE.

Reader, I have a story to tell. Perhaps I have not the art to tell it gracefully, but he that speaks from the heart will ever be listened to attentively, and will find a ready response in every sympathetic bosom.

I was left an orphan at an early age, and had to struggle hard to support myself and sister—a dainty little thing, who called out all the love and chivalry of my nature. I found but little time to attend school, but that little was so improved that in looking back over my school-days I find nothing to regret save their brevity.

Before she had completed her 16th year, my sister died. I stood beside her, and saw her sweet young life go out as gently as if she had but fallen quietly to sleep. It was a long time before I could realize that she was dead. But when, at last, the truth forced itself upon my unwilling heart, I sat down by her side, took her white, cold hand in mine, but did not weep. My grief was too deep for tears. I thought of the many times she had wound her arms lovingly about my neck; of the many kisses she had showered upon my lips, cheeks and brow; and, oh! how I longed to feel the pressure of those arms once more, to taste again the sweetness of those loving lips.

But why dwell upon the sweetly-sorrowful theme? We buried her in the village churchyard, by the side of the dear ones who had gone before. When summer came, sweet flowers bloomed upon her grave, but none so sweet as once had been the flower that lay beneath.

It was long ere I sufficiently recovered from the shock to again take an interest in my work; but, as time wore on, I forgot something of my grief, though there was ever present in my heart an eager longing for love.

At last that longing was satisfied. In the village there lived a lovely girl, the daughter of a merchant. We had been playmates and companions from childhood, and our friendship had increased with increasing years. One evening I breathed in her ear a tale of love, and asked her to be my wife. Her answer flooded my heart with a peaceful happiness to which it had long been a stranger.

I approached her father upon the subject of our marriage, and gained his consent, with the proviso that I should be absent one year, to test the strength of my love for his daughter. To this we both objected most earnestly, but he was inexorable, and we submitted.

A few days later I bade adieu to all I held dear in life, and started forth to try my fortune at the West. At Cheyenne I halted, and, taking advantage of the first offer that was made, I was soon installed a "cow-boy" on one of the largest stock ranges in the Territory. By strict attention to business, and a careful regard for the interests of my employer, I soon rose to the dignity of foreman, with a salary of $100 per month.

The months rolled on, and nothing transpired to give me a moment's uneasiness in regard to the constancy of my betrothed. Long, loving letters came regularly and often—bright spots in the lonely desert of my life.

At last my year was up, and I prepared to hasten home and claim my bride. On the day before I was to start, I called at the office for my mail. A tiny, white envelope was handed to me, and one glance at the superscription told me it was from she who was all the world to me.

Stepping apart from the crowd, I tore open the envelope and read these words:

John: Do not write to me any more. I am married. Oh, John! I know I have done wrong. Can you ever forgive me? Bell.

Oh! the agony of that moment! As I stood there staring vacantly at the cruel note, it seemed that the light of my life had gone out for ever. Ah, reader, those only who have experienced it can realize the inexpressible grief that sweeps across the heart at such a time! The death of a loved one cuts not half so keenly. There we mourn the loss of one dearer, perhaps, than life; there to the consciousness of our loss is added the conviction of guilt on the part of one we had believed so pure, so true! Here our grief is mitigated by the thought that we may meet again—meet to love for ever—there no such gleam of hope comes to lessen the darkness of the hour. Our dream of love is over—for life, for all eternity!

I know not how long I stood there in the office, but I at last became conscious of being observed. So, putting the note in my pocket, I walked to the door. Without, a blinding snow-storm raged. The few who had business on the streets hurried to and fro, eager to reach some shelter from the storm. I got to my room, I scarcely know how; and, sinking into a seat, I remained there for hours, thinking, only thinking!

When night closed in I took my hat and wandered forth into the storm. The wind tore through the streets, seemingly with the conscious power of a fiend. But a fiercer tempest within my breast made me despise the warring elements, and I wandered on and on, careless of even life itself.

In the days of untold anguish that followed, what wonder if I forgot my manhood, what wonder if I fell! Spare me the pain of repeating the story of the ensuing year. Let it suffice when I tell you that all my hard-earned money was gone ere the year was out; that I was a mere wreck of my former self. I do not pretend to justify my conduct. Call me weak if you will. I only know my suffering was greater than I could bear. At times I was painfully conscious of my errors, and struggled hard to break the bonds that held me fast. But not until my last dollar was gone did I fully realize the folly of my conduct. Then, indeed, necessity compelled me to pause and consider what was to be done. It took not long to decide. I would go to work and earn money sufficient to bear my expenses to South America. Once out of my native country, I would never again set foot in a land where I had known only sorrow and disappointment.

I found no difficulty in obtaining work. But the vice of intemperance had so strong a hold on me that nearly half my wages were squandered in drink. Thus another year passed before I had saved money enough to take me out of the country.

At last, however, I was again prepared to leave Cheyenne. As I stepped on board the train that was to bear me from the spot where I had suffered so much, a heavy load seemed lifted from my heart. I had not thought of visiting my boyhood's home. But now I felt that I could not go away forever without once more looking upon the graves of my loved ones, without one final view of the scenes I had loved so well. The village which I yet called home was situated near my line of travel. As I approached the home station my desire to stop increased. And so, when the train halted at the well-remembered depot, I stepped from the car, took the stage, and in two hours was again in my native town. I was greeted cordially, and yet I felt there was a change. Many of the friends of my youth had moved away; others had died: and those who were left had wives and families who claimed all their love. My widowed aunt alone gave me a welcome that was heartfelt and warm. Yes, there was one other, my cousin, a beautiful girl whom I had not seen since she was a little child. In her I found a friend, such as I never knew before. She was conversant with all the circumstances of my life, and sympathized with me as none other had ever done. Unconsciously my heart went out to her, and the few days I had purposed staying lengthened into weeks, and still I lingered, unwilling to tear myself away.

I knew my cousin felt a sincere friendship for me, but further than that I dared not hope. She was so young, so beautiful, so pure, it seemed to me impossible she could ever look upon a coarse, rough man like myself in any more favorable light. Believing this, I kept the true state of my feelings a secret from her, and tried hard to smother the affection that would not be put down.

At last I determined to go—to forget her if I could. So, at breakfast one morning, I startled them by announcing my intention of leaving them the following week. My aunt protested but I listened in vain for any word of remonstrance from the one who alone might induce me to remain.

I glanced across the table to where my cousin sat. Her eyes met mine for an instant—only an instant—and yet in that brief time they told me more than I had ever dared to hope. A few minutes later I arose and followed her into the sitting-room, scarcely less agitated than she. Leading her to a sofa I sat down beside her, and, still holding her hand in mine, I said:

"Does not my little cousin wish me to remain?"

"Oh, John, you know I do. Please don't go!"

"And will you let me love you if I stay?"

"Yes."

So gently came her answer, and so bloomed the roses on her cheeks, that I knew she understood me, and, with a wild, rapturous thrill of joy, I clasped her to my heart, and pressed kiss after kiss upon her unresisting forehead.

"My darling, my own precious darling! and will you indeed be mine?" I asked.

Then she gently disengaged herself from my arms, and her beautiful brown eyes filled with tears, as she replied:

"John, I gave you all my heart before you asked it, and yet I am afraid to marry you. I would be miserable if my husband should become a drunkard. Your habit of drinking is no secret, and, when I asked you to stop, you refused. And now—"

"And now, Maud," I broke in, "I will stop. You asked me for my own sake to abstain, and I refused. For your sake, I will do anything. Come with me into the library, and I will write and sign a pledge which you yourself shall witness. With your dear name upon the paper, I know it never will be broken."

I led the way, and wrote as follows:

July 10, 1876.

I hereby pledge my word of honor to totally abstain from all intoxicating drinks, from this day hence, forever. And I solemnly promise to keep this pledge inviolate, whether the hopes of happiness, now so fondly cherished, be ever realized or not. John R. Wilson.

"Will you write your name beneath mine?" I asked.

She took the pen and wrote:

Maud Rivers.

"And now, my pet, will you trust me? Will you give yourself to me without reserve, and trust your happiness for life to my keeping?"

For a moment her eyes looked searchingly into mine—our lips met in a lingering kiss, and I was answered.

Reader, my story is finished. Three years ago we were married. Not a cloud has dimmed the bright heaven of our happiness, and, if ever a man might venture to believe what he feels to be true, then may I believe that no possible crisis can ever tempt me to violate the pledge that won my wife.

I had it framed, and it now hangs in my library, a continual reminder of the power of love, for by love I fell, and by love I was saved again.

The New York *Bulletin* has a compilation of the fire losses in this country, which foots up over $2,000,000 a week—a rate so much above the customary average as to be decidedly alarming. The compilation includes only those fires—over eighty in number—where the loss has exceeded $25,000.

Boiled Jelly Cake.—One teacupful white powdered sugar, teacupful flour, four eggs, whites and yelks beaten separately, pinch salt; beat the yelks and sugar to a cream; add the flour and salt; then the whites beaten to a very stiff froth; mix quickly; rub and butter a large roasting-pan; bake ten or fifteen minutes, according to oven; when done spread with jelly and roll quickly.

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THE BOYS IN BLUE.

Reorganizing for Campaign Work—An Address to Soldiers and Sailors.

As will be seen by the correspondence given below, the organization of the "Boys in Blue" is to be once more placed in active operation:

I.

MANITOU, Col., July 21, 1880.

Col. Drake DeKay, Adjutant General "Boys in Blue," New York city:

Publish order telegraphed. In my opinion the best interests of the whole country, North and South, demand the success of the ticket headed by Garfield and Arthur.

U. S. GRANT.

II.

HEADQUARTERS UNION VETERANS' UNION, "BOYS IN BLUE," NEW YORK, July 22, 1880.

General Orders, No. 1.

1. The member for each State of the National Committee of the Union Veterans Union will at once proceed to organize the "Boys in Blue" in their respective States to promote the election of Garfield and Arthur.

2. The organizations of "Boys in Blue" will report to the department commanders in their respective States. By order of U. S. GRANT, Commander-in-Chief "Boys in Blue."

DRAKE DEKAY, Adjutant General.

NEW YORK, July 23, 1880.

1. In compliance with General Orders No. 1, from our Commander-in-Chief, the "Boys in Blue" throughout the State of New York are hereby invited to organize companies at once to promote the election of Garfield and Arthur.

2. The maximum number of men to constitute a company is fixed at 100, and the minimum at fifty.

3. As soon as any company is recruited to the minimum quota it should proceed to elect, by ballot, its commissioned officers, viz.: Captain, First Lieutenant and Second Lieutenant. The Captain will appoint the proper non-commissioned officers.

4. The Captain of each company, as soon as elected, will forward by mail a signed muster-roll of his command to J. C. Reed, Secretary (pro tem.), care of the Republican State Committee, Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York.

5. Blank muster-rolls will be furnished on application of any recruiting party by letter to Col. C. R. Coster, Acting Quartermaster, No. 398 Canal street, New York.

6. Any squad of our veterans of the war for the Union may constitute themselves a recruiting party. All such recruiting parties should, by postal card, at once notify the temporary Secretary of their intention to raise a company, and every Monday thereafter report the progress made until the minimum is enlisted and the commissioned officers elected.

7. The maximum number of men to constitute a regiment is fixed at 1,000, and the minimum at 300.

8. The Captains of any six companies may consolidate their respective commands into a regiment, and commissioned officers of the companies merged should then elect by ballot, the proper regimental commissioned and non-commissioned staff. Notice of such regimental formation and election should be promptly mailed by the Colonel to the temporary Secretary.

CHARLES K. GRAHAM.

Member for New York State, National Committee, "Boys in Blue."

IV.

JULY 24, 1880.

To the Union Soldiers and Sailors of the State of New York:

It was your fortune to oppose insurrection, and to save your country in the pains of rebellion. War summoned you to the ranks, its end saw you return to the vocations of peace. But your work was not done. The enemy you had conquered in the field withstood you at the polls, and in three successive Presidential elections was your work in the war crowned with the affirmative suffrage of the nation. A fourth election approaches, and effort is preparing to seize from you by deceit what other means have failed to reach. Your adversary is the same—the Democratic party. Its doctrines are the same—State rights and the justification of secession and rebellion, hatred to the war, hostility to the Union soldiers and sailors, opposition to their claims upon their country for the relief of themselves, their widows and orphans. You did not trust the Democratic party during the war. Which of its acts since the surrender at Appomattox renders it worthy of your trust now? Its desperate fortunes compelled its nomination of a General of the Union army for the Presidency—a new figurehead, but the same old hulk! A thousand Generals of the Union army received to its embraces could not palliate or annul the terrors and bloodshed with which the Democratic party has unitized and again sets in the field a solid South against the patriotic volunteers of the peace-loving North. The struggle is again upon us. It is our country that calls. Let the name of no soldier or sailor be wanting upon the muster who marched or fought for the Union.

In the historic words of our great commander, "Push things." YOUR COMRADES IN ARMS.

This address is signed by Gen. John Cochrane, Gen. C. K. Graham, Gen. S. L. Woodford, and 600 others.

A CONTRAST.

Eight Hundred Millions of Debt Paid in Fifteen Years of Republican Rule—How the Democratic Party Ran the Government into Debt.

[Washington Telegram to New York Tribune.]

Within two or three days a tabular statement, prepared at the Treasury Department, will be issued, "showing the reduction of the principal of the national debt, less cash in the treasury, and decrease of interest charged thereon annually from Aug. 31, 1865, and monthly from March 1, 1877 to July 1, 1880." The statement differs from those issued on previous years relating to the same subject only in bringing the work down to a later date. The following table exhibits the result in summary form:

Date.	Debt Less Cash in Treasury.	Annual Interest Charge.	Decrease in Ann'l Int. as Compared with 1865
Aug. 31, 1865	[illegible]	$150,977,697	
Mar. 31, 1877	[illegible]	[illegible]	$[illegible]574,0[illegible]
July 1, 1880	[illegible]	79,[illegible]	71,[illegible]

Thus it is shown that during fifteen years of peace under Republican administration $837,104,823.68 of the principal the debt had been canceled, while the current annual interest charge is $71,000,000 less than at the close of the war.

In contrast with this remarkable showing it is useful to notice briefly the Democratic financial record for the last fifteen years of the rule of that party in public affairs, between the years 1817 and 1861. In those years of profound peace the public debt was increased $13,137,032.35, while the cash in the treasury was reduced to $2,115,418.60. As the result of Republican honesty in public affairs during the fifteen years covered by the statement referred to 4 per cents. command a premium in every financial market in the world. The result of the Democratic management for fifteen years is seen in the fact that in the year 1861 Government 6 per cents. were sold at the average rate of $89.10 per $100, while in 1860 the Government was actually compelled to pay 12 per cent. for money borrowed to pay current expenses.

Instructive Figures.

One of the treasury tables published at Washington exhibits the losses of the Government through frauds, carelessness, and from all causes, and the amount of loss on each thousand dollars, for every administration from the beginning of the Government till the end of President Grant's administration, as follows:

	Period of service, years.	Total losses.	Loss on $1,000.
Washington	8	$ 250,970	$ 2 23
Adams	8	235,411	2 59
Jefferson	8	603,467	2.75
Madison	8	2,191,660	4.16
Monroe	8	3,229,787	8.58
Adams	4	885,374	4.39
Jackson	8	3,761,111	7.52
Van Buren	4	3,343,792	11 71
Harrison, Tyler	4	1,565,603	6 40
Polk	4	1,732,851	4.03
Taylor, Fillmore	4	1,814,409	4.19
Pierce	4	2,167,982	3 56
Buchanan	4	2,659,107	3 81
Lincoln	4	7,200,984	.76
Johnson	4	4,619,599	.57
Grant	8	2,846,192	.34
Total		$39,108,605	$ 1.29

This shows the greatest percentage of losses during Van Buren's administration, the next greatest in Monroe's, the next in Tyler's. Since the Republican party came into power the percentage of losses has been lessened. Notwithstanding all that has been said about corruption and public plunder, the percentage of loss during any Republican administration has been less than a quarter what it was under the very best of the Democratic administrations. Under Buchanan, the losses were $3.81 on every $1,000; under Grant, only 34 cents; under Lincoln, in war time, only 76 cents; and so far as now known it is not 10 cents under Hayes.

The Democratic Record Dissected.

It is amusing just now to hear some gentlemen here boasting of their principle, and charging everybody else with a want of it. They have not been so particular in the past.

In 1861 they supported a platform which declared it unlawful to coerce a State.

In 1862 they declared themselves in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war.

In 1864 they intimated that the war was a failure.

In 1866 they rejoiced in its success.

In 1868 they opposed the constitutional amendments.

In 1870 they accepted them as necessary, and in 1872 they approved them as wise.

Nor have they always been so fearfully honest on the money question.

In 1862 they denounced the Legal Tender act as unconstitutional.

In 1868 they shouted themselves hoarse in favor of a doctrine as to greenbacks far more extreme than Mr. Field's.

In 1872 they pledged themselves to resumption of specie payments.

In 1876 they advocated the unconditional repeal of the Resumption act.

Such are and have been the "time-honored principles" of this Democratic party. All things to all men, and a unit on but one, and that an undying devotion to slavery and hatred of liberty.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

REPUBLICAN RUIN.

The Way the Republican Party Ruined the Country.

[From the Washington Republican.]

The Democratic orators and editors are trying to make out that the Republicans have ruined the country. Yes; and this is the way it was done:

In 1860, after twenty years of Democratic rule, a Government 6 per cent bond sold for 89 cents.

In 1880, after twenty years of Republican rule, a Government 4-per-cent. bond sells for $1.08.

In 1860, after twenty years of Democratic rule, a loan of $18,000,000 exhausted the market for six months.

At the end of twenty years of Republican rule a loan of $150,000,000 was taken in a single day.

In twenty years of Republican rule we find:

An increase of population of 50 per cent.

An increase of general agricultural exports of 600 per cent.

An increase in exports of bread and breadstuffs of 650 per cent.

An increase of exports of manufactured articles of 225 per cent.

An increase of internal commerce of 700 per cent.

An increase of railway mileage of 187 per cent.

In 1860, after twenty years of Democratic rule, Congress authorized a loan of $25,000,000 to pay current expenses.

In 1880, after twenty years of Republican rule, the Secretary of the Treasury pays $85 000,000 of debt contracted for a war brought on by a solid Democratic South, which now wants power again so as to stop the waving of that bloody shirt, the wearing of which is Hancock's chief glory, and his whole available stock as a candidate for the Presidency.

In 1860, after twenty years of Democratic rule, the balance of trade against the country was over $20,000,000.

On May 31, 1880, after twenty years of Republican rule, the balance of trade was over $162,000,000 in favor of this country.

In 1860, after twenty years of Democratic rule and teaching, there was very serious question whether we had any nation, and the old public functionary in the White House, whose chief adviser was Jere Black, the man who now furnishes the statesmanship for Gen. Hancock, announced that there was "no power in the Government to coerce a State," leaving the inference that Jeff Davis and Alec Stephens could send the country to the demnition bow-wows for all he could do to prevent. After twenty years of Republican rule there is no doubt that we have a country, and Alec Stephens and Jere Black would give all they are worth to have the people forget that they ever questioned it.

The kind of ruin which five successive Republican administrations have inflicted upon the country is just a little striking in view of the figures, and the people like it and call for more of the same sort, and are bound to have it, too.

RHUBARB JELLY.—Take some rhubarb, wipe it with a clean wet cloth, peel it, and cut it into pieces an inch long. To each pound of rhubarb add three-fourths of a pound of white sugar. Put it to boil for about ten minutes, or until the juice is well drawn. Strain it into a preserving pan, let it boil quickly till it clings to the spoon, skim it and put it into jam pots or molds. The quickest way to know if it will set is to drop a little on a plate to cool.

WHITE CLOVER.

I.

O, beautiful white clover,
You bloom the green earth over,
And the bee, the restless rover,
Kisses with delight unbounded
Your faces soft and rounded;
Then away again he goes,
And he whispers to the rose.
With what tales her sweet repose
He disturbs, there's no one knows.
But, mark! he hastens back
To his first love, meek and fair,
Soft along the perfumed track,
Through the lazy summer air.
Then he revels all day long
In your beauty pure and white,
Droning o'er his one love-song
Till the day is lost in night.

II.

O, beautiful white clover,
When the world was bright all over,
And my heart was light and free,
Long before a single shadow
Had fallen o'er the meadow,
Where you used to smile for me,
How I loved you and caressed you!
How I played with you and blessed you
And one eve I'll ne'er forget,
When the golden sun had set,
The sky was blue and fair,
Your sweetness filled the air,
And the stars were thick and bright,
And I watched them with delight—
I thought the sky a mirror,
And the stars your forms reflected
On its calm and radiant brow;
All things were so protected,
And heaven seemed so much nearer
Then to earth than it does now.

What Followed.

The temptation to pique and punish unlawful curiosity is one of the strongest—the chagrin of the bitten victim is so richly deserved. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says:

There were some angry men in a certain Kentucky postoffice a few days ago. A postal card was dropped into the letter-box, addressed to the "Rev. John Penobscot, —— ——." It was an ordinary card, and the Postmaster was an ordinary Postmaster. He took it up, glanced at the address, turned it leisurely over and read:

——, ——, May 2, 1879.

You, to whom this card is not addressed, and who, nevertheless, have the cheek to read it, are a contemptible, unprincipled sneak, and a prying, pusillanimous coward.

GEORGE T. DUGAN.

The Postmaster laid the card gently down and lounged to the other end of the house, softly whistling "Nancy Lee." In due time the clerk came upon the card, perused it, and made the neighborhood hideous with the complainings of his pet dog, which he kicked in the ribs.

How the card fared with the various route agents through whose hands it passed, it is impossible to say, nor do we know whether it was read by the woman who is Postmistress at the office where the Rev. John Penobscot is supposed to get his mail; but the report is that on the day it reached there she smashed a bottle of ink, spanked the children all round and chewed up 65 cents' worth of wax.

We cannot be too careful never to write on postal cards anything in the least calculated to wound the sensitive delicacy of the postoffice people's feelings.

School-boys and Headaches.

Prof. Treichler has delivered a lecture before the German Association of Naturalists and Physicians which contains a fact of some interest to teachers. He says that headache in schools decidedly increases, until in some schools, and notably in Nuremberg, one-third of the scholars suffer from it. He believes that the cause is over intellectual exertion, caused partly by the adoption of too many subjects, but principally by the tendency to demand night-work. The brain is then freshly taxed when its cells are exhausted. We begin to hear the same complaint in England, especially from London schools, and are tempted to believe that in some of them an imperceptible but steady increase in the amount of night-work demanded has been going on, which is passing a safe limit. It does not hurt the quick, and it does not hurt the stupid, but it does hurt the boys and girls who want to fulfill all demands, and have not quite the quickness to do it. The usual quantity of Latin, for example, to be learned at night has within the last thirty years more than doubled, while the pressure from parents upon the children to learn it all has increased in nearly the same proportion. The increased crowding of schools explains much, but it does not explain this headache, which is not suffered by the boys in proportion to their ill health.—*The Spectator.*

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SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH is a safe, certain, and permanent cure for Catarrh of every form, and is the most perfect remedy ever devised. It is purely vegetable distillation, and is applied locally by insufflation, and constitutionally by internal administration. Locally applied, *relief is instantaneous.* It soothes, heals, and cleanses the nasal passages of every feeling of heaviness, obstruction, dullness, or dizziness. Constitutionally administered it renovates the blood, purifies it of the acid poison with which it is always charged in Catarrh, stimulates the stomach, liver, and kidneys, perfects digestion, makes new blood, and permits the formation of sound, healthy tissue, and finally obtains full control over the disease. [illegible] SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE, are [illegible] recommend it [illegible]. It is a great and good medicine, and worthy all confidence. Each package contains a Treatise on Catarrh and Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhaling Tube, and full directions for its use in all cases. Price $1.

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A. A. MELLIER, Washington Av., City.—Dear Sir: [illegible] ... I was benefited with Catarrh for [illegible] two years [illegible] ... SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE, I decided to try it. I have used only two bottles, and as a result I feel entirely relieved. [illegible] ... with this to you and ask that you take some means of getting it more prominently before the public, that others may have such relief. [illegible] ... all of whom have expressed to me their high estimate of its virtue and good effects [illegible] ... Yours truly, W. M. BOWEN.

Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the United States and Canadas. WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

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Messrs. Weeks & Potter: Gentlemen,—One year [illegible] I was seized with a severe attack of Rheumatism [illegible] ... COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS [illegible] ... ROBERT COTTON.

NOT A QUACK NOSTRUM.

[illegible] ... certify that for several [illegible] the Voltaic Plasters in [illegible] ... not a quack nostrum, [illegible] ... Very truly, W. C. COLLINS, M. D.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

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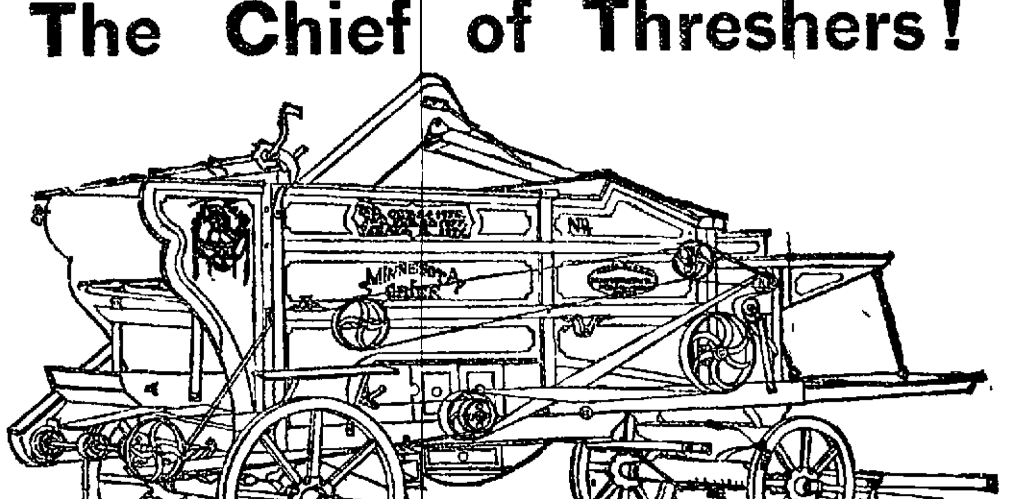

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In separating and cleaning it excels all others

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RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Methodist Church.—Services every Sunday at the City Hall, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7.30 p. m. J. M. Bull, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church.—Sunday service at 11 a. m. and 8:00 p. m., St. Paul time. All are invited; seats free. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Weekly prayer and teachers' meeting Wednesday evening at 8:15 o'clock. W. C. Stevens, Pastor.

Chapel of the Bread of Life, (Episcopal), Rev. A. e Yeater, Rector. Morning Prayer, with sermon, each Sunday, at 11 o'clock, a. m. Sunday School immediately after service. Holy Communion first Sunday in each month. No night service until 1st of Sept. Strangers cordially invited to worship with us. Seats free.

Catholic Church.—First mass, 7.30 a. m.; high mass with sermon, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school 2 p. m.; vespers, exhortation and benediction, 7:30 p. m. Main street, west end.
Rev. B. H. Benning, Rector.
Rev. Patrick Keenan, Assistant.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M. The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No. 16, A. F. & A. M., are held in their hall on the first and third Mondays of each month, at 7 p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.
John Davidson, W. M.
Joseph Hare, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12 are held in Raymond's hall every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited. Louis Hechler N. G.
Sig. Hanauer, Sec'y.

BISMARCK FIRE COMPANY.

Regular meetings at City Hall on the first Monday in each month at 8 p. m. Seven taps of the bell will be given as a signal.
Ed. Sloan, Foreman.
David Stewart, Sec'y.

BISMARCK D. T., FRIDAY, AUG. 29. 1880.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

A Republican Convention will be held at Vermillion, in the county of Clay, on Wednesday, Sept. 1, 1880, commencing at 1 p. m. for the purpose of placing in nomination a candidate for the office of Delegate to Congress from Dakota Territory. The ratio of representation will be one delegate for each 130 votes, or fraction over fifty, cast for Hon. G. G. Bennett at the general election of 1878, which will make the representation as follows, to wit:

Armstrong	1	Hamlin	1
Burleigh	3	Kingsbury	1
Barnes	2	Lincoln	7
Bon Homme	5	Lake	3
Brookings	2	Lawrence	25
Brule	1	Minnehaha	9
Clay	6	McCook	2
Cass	7	Moody	5
Custer	1	Morton	2
Charles Mix	1	Pembina	3
Coddington	2	Pennington	4
Davison	1	Richland	2
Deuel	2	Stutsman	1
Grand Forks	5	Turner	4
Grant	2	Traill	5
Hutchinson	3	Union	8
Hanson	1	Yankton	11

By order of Committee.
Alexander Hughes, Chairman.

Hendricks never refers to Mr. English in his campaign speeches.

Where was Jud Lamour when the Marshal's light went out? Way up in Pembina, the coldest place in the United States.

Mr. Donnell has rejected the proposition of the Ward committee and appeals directly to the people. And he will be elected, too.

Speaking of Gen. Weaver's experience in Alabama, an exchange says:

The "freedom of elections" vaunted in the democratic platform is the grossest sham that ever insulted a free people, and Gen. Weaver does not ask for any further evidence on that point than his own recent experience in his southern canvass.

The republicans of Northern Dakota will now be expected to take off their hats to Mr Edwards of the Fargo *Argus*. He has shown his ability to fulfill his promises in spite of the brains and gelt that was supposed to be arrayed against him in the persons of the Eddys, the Hubbards, the Tylers and others of that class.

Fargo had a shower of lizards last week, several of which found their way into the *Argus* office. "Oh ye Gods and little fishes. How oft would I have gathered thee, Oh Jerusalem! as a hen gathereth her brood under her wing, but ye would not." Now, Jerusalem is the home of the bat, and the *Argus* office has been turned over to the lizards.

As the Tribune remarked after the Fargo convention, the Red River country is great and good, but compared to the remainder of Dakota it is like the tail to a dog, and the tail rarely ever wags the dog. Now the Bismarck portion of Dakota's tail learned to hang serenely long, long ago, hoping that the time may come when they will be permitted to wag complacently beside the good men of the Red River country.

Morris Cohn, of Evansville, Ind., a German republican of considerable prominence in Indiana, was in the city this week en route for Miles City, where he has extensive trading interests. Mr. Cohn believes that Indiana is certain to go republican in October. He hasn't any doubt on the subject. The party is united and working with confidence, while the democrats are not satisfied and show their weakness by their movements.

An exchange remarks: "Democracy denounced the "man-on horseback" and nominated the pet of the army. Democracy pronounced the war a failure, and now asks votes because it has accepted a man who helped make the war a success. Democracy appeals to working men, with a candidate who has always been a kid-gloved gentleman. Democracy, after fighting bond holders, brings out a candidate whose every sympathy is with the bond holders."

The Fargo *Argus* doubtless received the information from the Hills claimed in relation to the primaries, because the Major of that institution is too big and too good to lie, but the statement that the delegates elect to the county convention were largely anti-Bennett, is false. The Black Hills will send a solid delegation for Bennett, who will be re-nominated and re elected.

The Black Hills papers are now urging Frank Riggs, cashier of the Stand-by mine, as a democratic candidate for congress. Mr. Riggs is a son of the great Washington banker, of the house of Riggs & Corcoran and a nephew of Elisha Riggs & Co., New York. He is wealthy, intelligent, genial and generous—generous to a fault, and would have the two most desirable elements in a candidate where there is little hope of success—wealth and respectability.

The republicans have wisely determined to abandon the southern states to the bulldozers, knowing that it is useless to spend time or talents in states where republican votes can not be counted if cast. If the south can stand the course of the democrats in the dark part of this continent, the republican north surely can, but the day will come when the soldiers of the south will become a reproach in their own eyes and the two races will divide, a portion of each following the great national party, which can not be defeated though every colored vote in the south be counted in opposition to it.

Capt. Maratta wishes his friends to understand that he is in no sense a candidate for the democratic nomination for congress. His business engagements are such that he could not devote attention to the canvass; such that he could not serve if elected. He appreciates the kind words given him by the press of the territory; appreciates the kind words of friends on every hand; but he uniformly says: "Gentlemen, your candidate I can not be." That is just the way it always is. The good and true men of the democratic party won't take office, and the democratic regions are left to be represented by such lunatics as Joe Blackburn and Ben Hill.

J. E. Hoggart, W. H. Cary, Ole Horgen, H. F. Miller, A. T. Tuttle, O. J. Olson and J. J. Brooks are the delegates elect from Cass county to the republican territorial convention. The old settlers in Cass seem to have been ruled out in the primaries even, and scarcely one of their names appear, excepting that of Mr. Hoggart, in the convention, and he is the only one in the delegation. It is a complete scoop for the *Argus*, which wins every point. What has become of Judge Barnes, N. K. Hubbard, E. S. Tyler, E. B. Eddy, Geo. I. Foster, the old war horse, A. McHench, O. W. Francis and E. A. Grant? The Tribune thought they lived in Fargo, but the *Argus* seems to have taken a seat on all that class of people and is now prepared to crow—until the Hills are heard from.

AN UNUSUALLY DRY SEASON.

The only point that was ever urged with any degree of plausibility against this country, is the light rainfall during a portion of the year. It did not avail to show that during the season when crops are sown and grown the rainfall was sufficient for all purposes. It did not avail to show the crops grown for we were met by the assertion, or: this is an exceptional season. But now we have something that cannot be disputed. The record shows for this year an exceptionally dry season; while on no part of the North Pacific are the crops as good as in Burleigh and Kidder counties.

The rainfall for this and other years since the U. S. Signal Office was established, in 1874, for the months when the ground is being prepared to receive the crops and the crops planted and grown, was as follows:

	Year.					
	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880
Month	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
March	2.06	3.27	.79	1.46	.58	.69
April	4.22	2.49	1.32	5.71	2.80	1.27
May	3.40	5.74	4.15	3.15	3.67	2.76
June	5.02	1.21	4.60	2.78	4.97	2.32
July	1.54	1.58	2.52	1.19	4.29	2.02
Total	16.24	14.52	[illegible].33	14.29	16.31	11.06

The record shows this to be an unusually dry season. For the months of May, June and July the rainfall has been in 1875, 9.96; 1873, 8.46; 1877, 12.27; 1878, 7.12; 1879, 12.93; 1880, 7.10. For March and April, the two months immediately preceding the planting, the record shows 1865, 6.28; 1876, 6.06; 1877, 2.11; 1878, 7.17; 1879, 3.48, 1880, 3.95. The question will arise as to the rainfall in autumn because this is an important element in the preparation of the ground to receive a crop the following year. It has been as follows:

	Year				
	1875.	1876.	1877.	1878.	1879.
Month	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
August	2.89	1.43	.35	2.79	2.69
September	1.85	6.55	.11	.67	.07
October	2.39	5.67	.94	1.45	1.35
Total	7.13	13.70	1.40	3.91	4.11

The rainfall up to August 19, 1880, has been 1.65, nearly all falling on the 19th.

These facts are interesting because they show that the rainfall is sufficient every-year for successful farming operations. They show a uniformly dry harvest and a dry autumn. Last year the record shows the greatest rainfall; this year the least. In both cases none who were engaged in farming were disappointed.

THE CONTEST FOR DELEGATE.

The delegate campaign begins to take shape and when the roll of the convention is called it will be found to stand about as follows:

For Bennett:

Burleigh	3
Norton	2
Pennington	4
Richland	2
Turner	4
Union	8
Yankton	11
Hutchinson	3
Lawrence	25
Custer	1
Total	63

For Pettigrew:

Armstrong	1
Bonhomme	5
Brookings	2
Brule	1
Beadle	1
Clay	6
Charles Mix	1
Coddington	2
Duel	2
Grant	2
Hamlin	1
Kingsbury	1
Lincoln	7
Lake	3
Minnehaha	9
McCook	2
Moody	5
Total	51

For Raymond:

Barnes	2
Hanson	1
Cass	7
Grand Forks	5
Davidson	1
Pembina	3
Stutsman	1
Traill	5
Total	25

Had Raymond won in the Hills, his position and Bennett's would have been reversed, and he would become the nominee. As it is, he sinks to the lowest position, and the claim that he should be nominated because he is a Red River man only tends to injure him, for the whole Red River country united only equals in representation the single county of Lawrence, which stands solid for Judge Bennett, who is in no sense a sectional candidate, but a faithful representative of every interest of Dakota.

Judge Bennett is also the second choice of many, very many of the supporters of Mr. Pettigrew, who favor the latter because of old acquaintance and because he is a man who has grown up with Dakota and would devote heart and soul to the promotion of its interests were he elected delegate. Their only objection to Mr. Bennett is the fact of his being a late arrival, and since that is so they can not support him and will support Mr. Raymond, who came into the territory with a federal commission three years later. In other counties Judge Bennett has many warm friends and will not lack the seven votes needed to nominate him, seventy being necessary to a choice. He will get them from Southern Dakota, leaving the Red River valley to die in the last ditch should they persist in their disposition to force the nomination of a Red River man or bolt.

The Tribune has thrown no rocks at Mr. Raymond, the Fargo candidate. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word, a true friend and a noble hearted man, but there is no reason why he should be elected instead of the tried and true one who has so faithfully represented Dakota during the past two years.

Army Intelligence.

A general court martial convened at Assinaboine Tuesday.

Capt. Constant Williams, Seventh infantry, visited the city Wednesday.

Mrs. F. M. Gibson, wife of Capt. Gibson, Seventh cavalry, is at Long Branch.

Maj. Allen H. Jackson, Seventh infantry, was a guest of the Sheridan Wednesday.

Gen. Hazen accompanied President Hayes and General Sherman to Columbus, Ohio, last week.

Leave of absence for one month has been granted Post Chaplain G. W. Collier, Fort Pembina.

The buildings for Department Headquarters at Fort Snelling will be completed by November 1st.

Second Lieut. George W. Webb has been assigned to Company H, Twenty-fifth infantry at Fort Meade.

Lieut. W. A. Glassford, inspector of signal stations in the northwest, is expected in Bismarck next week.

Lieut Wm. S. Patten, 18th Infty., and family arrived from Fort Assinaboine, Sunday, enroute east on leave.

Leave of absence for one month has been granted First Lieut. Hobart K. Bailey, Fifth Infantry (Fort Keogh, M. T.)

Mrs. Lieut. Hale, wife of Adjt. Hale, Third infantry, leaves for Keogh on the Terry in company with Capt. O'Toole and wife.

Lieut Slocum, Seventh cavalry, returned from St. Paul Monday, and left for Col. Merrill's command on the extension Wednesday.

Col. J. S. Conrad, commandant at Fort Totten, returned from court martial duty at Fort Keogh, Monday, and left for his post Tuesday.

Capt. McArthur, Seventeenth infantry, has been granted one month's leave with the privilege of applying for two month's extension.

The *Press and Dakotaian* speaks in the highest terms of conduct and bearing of the colored troops of the 25th Infantry during their stay in Yankton.

First Lieut. C. A. Booth, First infantry, for a long time acting signal officer at San Diego, Cal., has been relieved and ordered to his company in Texas.

Capt. O. E. Michaelis, of the ordnance department, left for headquarters, St. Paul, Tuesday. The captain has been inspecting ordnance stores at Fort Lincoln.

Second Lieut. Chas. F. Row, Second cavalry, having surrendered the unexpired portion of his leave of absence, is assigned to temporary duty in St. Paul.

Lieut. Roach, Seventeenth infantry, and a sergeant have arrived in Washington with an insane soldier. The Lieutenant has thirty days delay and goes to his home in Syracuse.

Col. Davidson and Col. Merritt were each offered the detail of superintendent of mounted recruits and declined. Col. Thomas H. Neill, Eighth cavalry, has been selected.

Maj. Wm. E. Creary, paymaster, has been sentenced to dismissal. He was a private in a Michigan regiment during the war; was postmaster of the Senate during the last two sessions of President Grant's administration and was appointed by him.

A board of officers to consist of Maj. D. S. Gordon, Second cavalry, Capt. E. B. Kirk, assistant quartermaster, quartermaster's department, and Second Lieut. Chas. F. Roe, Second cavalry, will assemble in St. Paul, at 10 o'clock a. m., on Monday, the 23d day or August, 1880, or as soon thereafter as practicable, for the inspection of 180 horses to be purchased under contract, for the Second regiment of cavalry.

MISCELLANEOUS

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine for September

Bontaine, as usual, a rich treat of choice literature for home reading. There are some highly interesting and instructive articles; excellent serial and short stories, sketches and essays, and poems of rare merit; and the number abounds with embellishments. Among the prominent articles are "Life and Love in Bavaria," "Florence the Beautiful," "The Benedictines," "Peter Paul Rubens," "The Bishop and Cathedral of Truro," etc. The capital story "Be-Be" is concluded, and a new serial of powerful interest commenced, entitled "Hester Morgan's Husband." There are short stories and sketches by popular writers, admirably written essays, etc. The editor caters very acceptably for youthful readers; the story of "Maid Marjory," "The Monkeys and the Baby," etc., will afford them pleasant reading. Among the noteworthy poems are "The Church Month," by Frances Ridley Havergal; "The Masque of the Moths," by Austin Dobson; "The Vacant Chair" by Augusta Browne Garrett, etc. The present number is alike remarkable for the abundance, vast variety and excellence of the contents, literary and artistic; and it may well cause surprise that it can be afforded at the low price of 25 cents a copy or $3 per annum, post-free. There are in each number 128 quarto pages and there is certainly in this one over 100 engravings. Address, Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

Washington Life Insurance Company

On the 31st day of December, 1879.

The name of the Company is the Washington Life Insurance Company. It is located in New York. The amount of its Capital Stock is $125,000. The amount of its Capital Stock paid up is $125,000.

THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Cash on hand or in the hands of agents or other persons	$	255 816 92
Real estate unincumbered		156 789 11
Bonds owned by the Company, to-wit market value		2 165 175 00
Loans on Bond and Mortgage being first lien on unincumbered real estate worth double the amount loaned		2 548 772 02
Debts otherwise secured		68 958 72
Debts for premiums		109 766 59
Total assets		5,605 275 36

LIABILITIES:

Losses adjusted and due	$	21 313 41
Losses adjusted and not due		40 300 01
Losses unadjusted		21 166 09
All other claims against the Company		4 579 781
Total liabilities		4 662 560 51

The greatest amount insured in any one risk ... $20,000

STATE OF NEW YORK,
County of New York.

William A. Brewer, Jr., President, and William Haxtun, Secretary of the Washington Life Insurance Company of New York City, being duly sworn, depose and say, that the foregoing is a full, true and correct statement of the affairs of said Company, that the said Insurance Company is the bona fide owner of at least ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS of actual cash capital, invested in the State and United States stocks and bonds, or in bond and mortgages of real estate unincumbered and worth double the amount for which the same is mortgaged; and they are the above described officers of the said Insurance Company.
Wm. A. Brewer, Jr., President.
W. Haxtun, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 25th day of March, 1880.
Thomas Tenny, Notary Public,
{ SEAL } Kings County, N. Y.

Office of Territorial Auditor,
Yankton, Dakota, March 31st, 1880.

I. L. M. Purdy, Deputy Auditor of the Territory of Dakota, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original statement of the Washington Life Insurance Company of New York City on the 31st day of December, 1879, and now on file in this office.
L. M. Purdy, Deputy Auditor.

THE TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, }
Auditor's Office.

Whereas, the Washington Life Insurance Company, located in the city of New York and State of New York, has filed in this office a sworn statement of its condition on the 31st day of December, A. D. 1879, in accordance with the provisions of an act of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Dakota, relating to Insurance Companies, approved February 10th, 1877, and

Whereas, on examination of the sworn statement of said Company filed in this office, I find that the said Insurance Company is possessed of the necessary amount of capital invested as required by law,

Therefore I. E. A. Sherman, Auditor of Dakota Territory, do hereby certify that said Insurance Company is duly authorized to transact the business of Life Insurance in said Territory, for the year ending December 31st, 1880, by agents properly appointed.

Robt. H. Morford, Agent, Mandan, D. T.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 31st day of March, A. D. 1880.
{ SEAL } E. A. Sherman, Auditor.
By L. M. Purdy, Deputy.
J. A. Sabin, Gen'l Manager of Agencies.

TREES and VINES
Plants and Bulbs

BEST IN THE MARKET. CHEAP.
Mailing a specialty. Safe arrival guaranteed. Catalogue free to all. 27th year. 15 greenhouses. 400 acres.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
A Catalogue, with eleven colored plates, free.
STORRS, HARRISON & CO., Painesville, Lake Co., O.

ALLEN'S ULCERINE SALVE,

will positively cure all old sores and ulcers of every name and description, no matter of how many years standing or how many other remedies have failed. It has been used for over fifty years and we defy the public to instance a single case where it has failed. There is no other remedy known that even claims to do what this Salve actually does do and that without ever failing. If you have been suffering for one or fifty years with an ulcer, and tried ten thousand other remedies, do not fail by any means to use Ulcerine Salve, for it will surely cure you. Send for descriptive catalogue containing full directions and numerous sworn testimonials; one will be mailed to any address free of charge. Price 50 cts. per bottle.

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Druggist and Manufacturing Pharmacist,
ST. PAUL, MINN.
FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS DRUGGISTS.
For Sale by W. A. HOLLEMBAEK,
Bismarck, D. T.

HOW TO GET WELL.

Broken-down, Debilitated Constitutions. Both male and female, and all difficult cases, for which help can be obtained nowhere else—found to be so by undeniable facts. A True Theory. No Deception. The practical results of forty years' experience will be shown to invalids in Pamphlets and Circulars by addressing the eminently successful Dr. Geo. W. Forbes, 174 W. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. 13yleow

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE,

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This Famous Institution of Learning will resume

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The Situation is the Most Delightful and most healthy in the Northwest.

The course of study is unsurpassed and embraces all grades from Primary Grades from Primary School to University Classes.
The professors are experienced and efficient teachers.
The best Business and Professional men of this and adjoining States recommend it.
The charge is only $15.00 per month for board and tuition.
The Institution invites inspection and defies competition.
For particulars, send for Catalogue. Address
Rt. Rev. Alexius Edelbrock,
President.

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R. R. Marsh. J. D. Wakeman.

MERCHANTS HOTEL.

Cor. Main and 3d Sts., Bismarck, D. T.

MARSH & WAKEMAN, Props.

Building new and commodious, rooms large, comfortable and tastily furnished. First class in every particular. Bills reasonable. 3-27tf

INSURANCE.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

Connecticut	$ 1,483,000
Liverpool, London and Globe	29,000,000
Traders	859,000
La Confiance	5,660,000
Hamburg-Magdeburg	833,000
Hamburg-Bremen	1,234,000
German-American	2,619,000

49tf F. J. CALL, Agent.

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Wholesale and Retail
DRUGGIST,
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ON REAL ESTATE.

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(16 Main Street.)
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Walter Mann, Pres't, G. H. Fairchild, Cash'r
St. Paul, Minn. Bismarck, D. T.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF BISMARCK,
Bismarck, - - Dakota.

Paid up Capital $50,000

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H. R. Porter, Asa Fisher,
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First National Bank, Chicago.
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Agency for sale of passenger tickets to and from Europe by several of the principal lines of steamboats.

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MONTANA MARKET,
Corner Second and Main Streets.
JUSTUS BRAGG & CO.,
DEALERS IN
FRESH AND SALT MEATS, FISH,
POULTRY, GAME,
Butter, Eggs, Vegetables, Fruit and
Canned Goods.
Special Attention given to the Steamboat Trade.
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MILLINERY

MRS. J. W. PROCTOR,
DRESSMAKER & MILLINER,
East Main Street.
First-Class Work Guaranteed.

Wanted.
A first-class dining room girl. Highest wages will be paid at
13tf Forster's Restaurant.

Ask Anybody
Who is a judge of a good meal, where to go and they will all tell you to go to
Forsters.

A Large Assortment
Of lamps and fixtures at Whalen's opposite postoffice.

Go To Ludewig's.
John Ludewig has just added largely to his already large stock of clothing. He sells fine suits at from five to twenty dollars each. His line of hosiery, shirts, overalls, &c., for workingmen is full and he sells everything at the lowest possible prices. He bought the goods to sell.

Flower Pots
of all sizes at
Whalen's

W. A. Hollembaek
Sole agent for Allen's Iron Tonic.

Views of the Badlands at
Hollembaek's.

Threshing.
Robt. O'Brien owns a Pride of the West Thresher and is ready to fill all orders that may be left for him at
W. H. Thurston & Co's.

Forster's on 3d St., Is the Place, Forster's, on 3d St.,
Where you can get the best day board in Bismarck at $2 per week.

Fresh Fruit.
T. W. Griffin is constantly receiving fresh fruits of every sort.

Blank Books
and stationery at
Hollembaek's.

Montana Beef, Pork and Veal
Always on hand, at
Griffin's corner, 4th and Main.

A Large Stock
of cigars at extremely low prices at
Hollembaek's.

W. H. Thurston & Co.
Have a large stock of Stubble Plows.

Ladies Slippers
In elegant styles, at
Eisenberg's.

Misses' and Children's Shoes.
At bottom prices at
Marshall's

First-Class Meals
Furnished at Forster's Restaurant on short notice.

Cigarettes.
All the popular brands at
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Arriving daily by express.
Peaches,
Pears,
Grapes,
Apples,
Tomatoes,
Melons, at
W. H. Thurston & Co's

Mike McLeer's Saloon
Is the stopping place at the Landing for those seeking choice liquors.

Beef. Beef.
The choicest cut of Montana Beef may be found at Griffin's, corner Main and 4th Streets.

Barker's American Eagle Fine Cut
Chewing and Universal Smoking Tobaccos, for sale by
J. Rogers & Co.

Stimpson
Has a ladies' entrance to his Ice Cream Parlors.

Restaurant for Sale.
A restaurant having an excellent business at Fort Custer, one of the best military posts in the northwest. Building 52x22 with kitchen, laundry and ice house in addition, together with good garden, stable, etc. For further information address,
Henry Sagnier,
Fort Custer,
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Screen Doors.
Go to Bostwick & Arnold's for screen doors.

Ice Cream by the Quantity
For family use Stimpson's

Ladies.
If you want a neat fitting shoe, go to
Eisenberg's

Ladies and Children's Shoes.
The best and largest assortment in the city, at Dan Eisenberg's

Ladies' and Children' Shoes;
A large invoice just received at
Eisenberg's.

Mosquito Screens at
D. I. Bailey & Co's.

Go to Stimpson's
For Ice Cream and Strawberries.

Children's Shoes.
In all styles, at Eisenberg's.

Spring Lamb
At Griffin's corner, 4th and Main.

Meerschaum Pipes
and holders at
Hollembaek's

Fruit Jars.
The best in the city are to be found at
John Whalen's.

Nobby Fitting Suits made to Order
At Schiller's.

Gilt Edge Butter.
A large shipment of Gilt Edge farm packed butter just received by
4tf Kupitz & Griffin.

Important to Haymakers.
Machine Oil per gallon $1 00,
" " " " " "
" " " " " " at
Dunn & Co's.

Ladies.
Before purchasing your Shoes do not fail to examine the shoe department at
Dan Eisenberg's.

The Finest Wines
And Liquors and choice Cigars, Imported and Domestic, at George Gole's "O. F. C." Restaurant, Fourth street.

Blueberries, Blackberries and Raspberries this week at
Stimpson's.

Rubber Boots.
Of all sizes for men, at
Marshall's.

Pears,
Grapes,
Lemons,
Peaches,
Tomatoes,
Arriving daily at W. H. Thurston & Co's

Ladies' and Childrens' Shoes
An elegant assortment at Eisenberg's.

The Best Liquors
of all kinds, Cigars and Tobaccos, for sale by
J. Rogers & Co.

Impure Breath.

Among all the disagreeable consequences that follow the decay of the teeth, an impure breath must be the most mortifying and unpleasant to its possessor, and it is the most inexcusable and offensive in society; and yet the cause of it may easily be removed by cleansing your teeth daily with that justly popular dentifrice, Fragrant SOZODONT. It purifies and sweetens the breath, cools and refreshes the mouth, and gives a pearl like appearance to the teeth. Gentlemen who indulge in smoking should cleanse their teeth with SOZODONT, as it removes all unpleasant odors of the weed. Ask your druggist for it.

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LAND NOTICE.

Dissolution of Co-partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing under the firm name of Branagan & Mathews is this day by mutual consent dissolved; Peter Branagan to pay all company debts and collect all monies due the said firm.

Dated Aug 16. 1880

JAMES MATHEWS,
PETER BRANAGAN.

15 17*

U. S. LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., July 18th, 1880. Complaint having been entered at this office by Frederick N. Downs against Joseph A. Branthover for abandoning his homestead entry No. 58, dated June 5, 18..5, upon the West Half of the Southeast Quarter of Section 34, Township 139, Range 79, in Burleigh County, D. T., with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 18th day of September, 1880, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

JOHN A. REA,
Register.

EDWARD M. BROWN,
Receiver.

13 17

Notice of Final Proof

LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., July 15, 1880. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his homestead claim, No. 39, and secure final entry thereof on the fourteenth day of August,

Wm. A. Bentley,

for the S. W. ¼ of Sec. 26, T. 139, R. 79, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: W. R. White, J. C. Brown, Chas. Armstrong and J. G. Miller, all of Burleigh county, P. O. Bismarck, D. T.

JOHN A. REA,
Register.

8 13

Notice of Contest.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, Bismarck, D. T., July 21st 1880. Complaint having been entered at this office by J. P. Manhart against Jesse J. Brown for failing to comply with the law in his tree claim entry, No. 34, dated Jan 24 1878, upon the N ½ of N E ¼, Section 28, Township 139, Range 78, in Burleigh County, D. T., with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 21st day of August, 1880, at 10 o clock a. m. to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

JOHN A. REA,
Register.

EDWARD M. BROWN,
Receiver.

515

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, County of Burleigh.

In District Court, Third Judicial District.

Robert Roberts, Pltff. vs. Thomas H. French, Deft. The Territory of Dakota sends greeting. To Thomas H. French, defendant. You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint of the Plaintiff in this action, which is filed in the office of the Clerk of said court this day and serve a copy of your answer upon the subscriber, at his office in the city of Bismarck in said county, within thirty days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service. If you fail to answer the complaint within that time the plaintiff will take judgment against you for [illegible] Hundred and Sixteen Dollars, [illegible] the costs of [illegible] action.

Dated at Bismarck D. T. this 5th day of July 1880.

FLANNERY & WETHERBY,
Plaintiff's attorneys, Bismarck, D. T.

I hereby certify that the complaint in this action was filed in my office on the 5th day of July, 1880.

E. N. COREY,
Clerk District Court.

10 15

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, County of Burleigh.

In District Court, Third Judicial District.

Emma Atkinson vs. Frederick C. Atkinson. Summons.

The territory of Dakota sends greeting to the above named defendant. You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action which was filed on the 30th day of July A. D. 1880 in the office of the clerk of the District Court in and for the county of Burleigh territory of Dakota, in the city of Bismarck, D. T., and serve a copy of your answer on the subscriber at his office on Main street in the city of Bismarck, Dakota territory, within thirty days after the service of the summons on you, exclusive of the day of service. If you fail to answer the complaint within that time, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated at Bismarck, D. T., this 30th day of July, A. D. 1880.

JOHN E. CARLAND,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, County of Burleigh.

In District Court, Third Judicial District.

Hugh Campbell Jr., vs. Christopher Stuart Patterson and Ellen S. Patterson, his wife. Summons.

The Territory of Dakota sends greeting to the above named defendants. You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action which was filed on the 2nd day of August A. D. 1880, in the office of the clerk of the District Court in and for the county of Burleigh, Territory of Dakota, in the city of Bismarck, county of Burleigh, D. T., and serve a copy of your answer on the subscriber at his office on Main street in the city of Bismarck, Dakota territory, within thirty days after the service of this summons on you exclusive of the day of service. If you fail to answer the complaint within that time the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated at Bismarck D. T. this 2nd day of August, A. D. 1880.

JOHN E. CARLAND,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

12 18

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, Third Judicial District.

County of Cass. In District Court.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of three several executions issued out of said Court in the following causes, to wit: George Bonner & Co. plaintiffs against Judson E. Walker, defendant; H. [illegible] plaintiff against Judson E. Walker, defendant, and Edna & Co., plaintiffs against Judson E. Walker, defendant, and to me directed and delivered, I have levied upon and taken all the right, title and interest of the said Judson E. Walker in and to the hereinafter described personal property, which I will offer for sale, and sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash on the 26th day of August, A. D. 1880, at 10 o'clock a. m., which sale will be made in front of J. E. Walker's store, known as the [illegible] store on Main street, in the city of Bismarck, Burleigh county, territory.

[illegible] description of the goods [illegible] so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount [illegible] on said several executions together with the costs and disbursements [illegible] A general stock of groceries [illegible] store of said Judson E. Walker [illegible] canned goods [illegible] crackers, [illegible] glass ware [illegible] whisky [illegible] wines [illegible] miscellaneous [illegible] the said Judson E. Walker [illegible] the store [illegible] kegs [illegible]

Dated Aug 12 1880

ALEXANDER McKENZIE,
Sheriff of Burleigh County, D. T.

FLANNERY & WETHERBY,
Attorneys for Geo. Bonner & Co. and H. To[illegible]

[illegible]
Attys for [illegible] & Co.

12 71

LIVERY STABLE

SHERIDAN HOUSE

Livery Stable,

First-Class in Every Respect.

NEW AND ELEGANT TURN-OUTS

Hacks to all parts of the City, Boats, Fort Lincoln and Mandan

☞ Office at the Sheridan House.

STOYELL & LAIB, Proprietors

REVOLVERS at Half Prices. $6 one for $3; $9 one for $4.50; $10 one for $5.50; English steel barrel and cylinder, nickel-plated and rifle bore. Also Rifles, Shot Guns, etc., at greatly-reduced prices. AGENTS WANTED. Catalogue free. NEW YORK PISTOL MAN'F'G CO., J. H. LITTLEFIELD, West'n Ag't, Ogden B'ld'g, cor. Clark & Lake st., Chicago.

WHOLESALE LIQUORS.

J. ROGERS & CO.

Liquors and Cigars

—AT—

WHOLESALE.

98 Main Street, - - Bismarck, D. T.

SAMPLE ROOMS

ASA FISHER,

Wholesale Dealer in

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Main-st., opp. Sheridan House.

Sole Agent for Val Blatz' Milwaukee Premium Export Lager Beer.

GEO. ELDER,

Proprietor

'O. F. C.' SALOON,

14 North 4th Street.

First Class Liquors and best brands of Cigars. Centrally located and the popular resort of the Boys.

26tf

CAPITOL SALOON,

No. 62, Main Street.

Freighters' and Contractors' Headquarters.

☞ **Best Stocked Bar in the City.** ☜

All kinds of games, new pool and billiard tables etc. Pleasantest place in the city to spend the evening. Open day and night

GRIFFIN & ROBERTS.

HANNIFIN'S HALL

(18 NORTH FOURTH ST)

CHOICE WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

Best Bar-tender either side of Rocky Mountains.

Headquarters for the "Old Time Boys" and rising sports.

Call and see the crowd

JOS. FOX,

Proprietor

FERRY SALOON,

Point Pleasant, D. T.

Parties driving out from Bismarck will find this a pleasant resort

The only licensed saloon at the "Point"

N. P. R. R. Extension

Mail, Passenger & Express Line.

CHAS. YOUNG, Proprietor.

Leave End of Track Monday and Thursday mornings. Leave Little Missouri River Wednesday and Saturday mornings.

8 9

RESTAURANT

1873 1880

Forster's Restaurant

(Established May, 1873)

The Oldest and Only First-Class Restaurant in Bismarck.

Board by the day or week.

Meals at all hours.

EADES & WESTHAUSER,

RESTAURANTEURS,

22 MAIN STREET.

DAY BOARD,

FIRST-CLASS MEALS.

In connection with the house is a strictly first class bar, pool room and music hall. The only Orchestrian in the city. The best place in town to spend an evening.

The bar is stocked with the best Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

2-tf.

BAKERY

AUSTIN LOGAN,

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

FLOUR, FEED, and BAKERY.

Third Street, Bismarck, D. T. The choicest goods at the lowest prices.

36tf

TAILORING

MERCHANT TAILORING.

GOULD & DAHL.

We represent one of the best cloth houses in Philadelphia, and are constantly in receipt of fine

IMPORTED & DOMESTIC COATINGS

AND PANTS GOODS.

Of the latest styles for the Spring Trade.

Our work defies competition. You will always find the most economy and the greatest satisfaction by leaving your orders for clothing at the Bismarck Tailoring Establishment.

GOULD & DAHL.

LUMBER

C. S. WEAVER & CO.,

Dealers in

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND LATH.

Doors, Sash and Mouldings.

Also Contractors and Builders of all classes of

Buildings, Plans and Specifications.

Estimates furnished on short notice.

HOTEL

J. G. MALLOY. P. F. MALLOY.

WESTERN HOUSE,

MALLOY BROS., Prop.

BISMARCK, - - - DAKOTA

The house is centrally located and recently enlarged, refitted and refurnished. Opposite the Railroad Depot. Prices reasonable.

H. H. HANES. A. C. DAVIS.

DAKOTA

TREE PLANTING

COMPANY,

Bismarck, - - Dakota.

We are prepared to furnish trees for "tree culture" or ornamental shrubbery, in quantities to suit, delivered to any station on the North Pacific west of Detroit, Minn., at the following rates, payable C. O. D.:

Cottonwood, 2 years old, $4 per thousand

Cottonwood cuttings, 2 feet long, $3 per thousand.

Cottonwood, 3 to 4 years old, $6 per thousand

Box Elder, for shade trees, 5 to 20 cents each.

Box Elder cuttings, $5 per thousand.

Shepherdia, (Buffberry) for hedges and fruit, perfectly hardy, 5 to 10 cents each

White Ash, for shade trees, 5 to 20 cents each.

All kinds of ornamental trees from the oldest nursery in Minnesota. Trees set at reasonable rates by an experienced tree-planter

Address orders to

HANES & DAVIS, Managers,
Bismarck, Dakota.

13tf

TAILOR.

T. J. TULLY,

FASHIONABLE

Merchant Tailor,

No. 28 Main Street.

Bismarck, - - Dakota.

2-tf

STAGE LINES

Bismarck and Ft. Buford

STAGE AND EXPRESS

AND

U. S. MAIL.

Leave Bismarck for Fort Buford and intervening points Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 a. m., making the full trip in five days

Stages will leave Fort Buford on same days as from Bismarck, at 6 a. m.

For express, freigth or passage apply to

JOHN LEASURE,

Agent, at J. W. Raymond & Co's, or to LEIGHTON & JORDAN, Fort Buford

BOOTS AND SHOES.

EMANUEL C. BROHOLM,

34 N. Fourth St.,

Practical Boot Maker,

— Likewise —

BUILDER OF SHOES

Perfect fits Guaranteed. Only the Best Material used. Custom Work a Specialty. Repairing Neatly Done.

GROCERIES

WM. GITSCHKA,

Groceries, Provisions, Flour,

Candy, Fruit,

Crockery Glass Ware

and Stoneware. Opposite Post Office

4

STOP AT THE

MERCHANTS HOTEL

WHEN IN DEADWOOD.

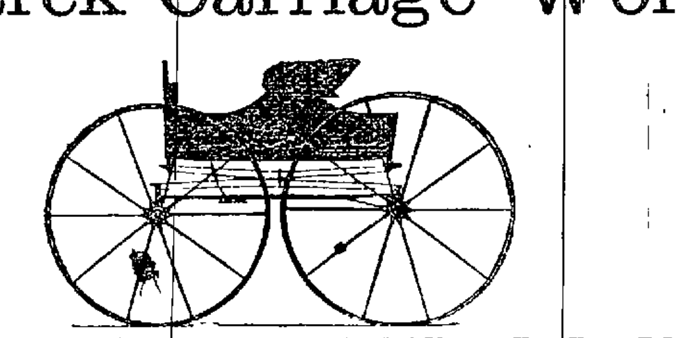
This hotel is first class in every respect, and the best attention is always paid its guests.

Jacob Wertheimer, Prop'r.

4 15

CARRIAGE WORKS.

Bismarck Carriage Works.



CARRIAGE AND SIGN PAINTING.

Repairs promptly attended to.

S. J. COOPER.

GROCERS.

W. H. THURSTON & CO.,

Wholesale AND RETAIL Grocers,

(78 MAIN STREET, BISMARCK)

Steamboat and Freighters Supplies a Specialty.

HARDWARE.

GEORGE PEOPLES,

Dealer in

H A R D W A R E,

No. 48 Main Street.

Keep constantly on hand a complete line of Hardware, Tinware, Stoves, Etc., and agents for all kinds of Farm Machinery

STEAMBOAT TRADE A SPECIALTY.

FURNISHING GOODS, ETC

JOHN LUDEWIG,

DEALER IN

Clothing, Boots and Shoes,

FURNISHING GOODS,

Groceries Provisions, Tobaccos, Cigars & Smokers' Goods.

GOODS SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Main Street, - - - Bismarck, D. T.

New Stock, New Store and Low Prices. Call and examine and see for yourselves.

29tf

WHOLESALE GROCERS

J. W. RAYMOND & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

BISMARCK, D. T.

DRUGS AND NOTIONS.

Orders from Military Posts promptly Attended to.

W. A. HOLLEMBAEK,

Wholesale Druggist

—DEALER IN—

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS, TOILET ARTICLES AND PERFUMERY,

STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, ETC.

Also White Lead, Paints Oils and Varnishes.

BISMARCK, D. T.

A Full Line of all Standard Patent Medicines.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

J. H. MARSHALL,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

Boots and Shoes,

Gloves, Hosiery, Trunks, Valises, Etc.

GENTS' CUSTOM MADE BOOTS A SPECIALTY.

Prompt attention given orders by mail.

76 MAIN STREET.

HARDWARE

D. I. BAILEY & CO..

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

General Hardware

Farm Machinery, Stoves, Etc., Etc.

Manufacturers of

Tinware and Housefurnishing Goods.

84, MAIN ST., BISMARCK, D T.

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M. P. SLATTERY,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Groceries, Crockery, Flour

AND FEED.

No. 24 N. Third-st., - - - Bismarck.

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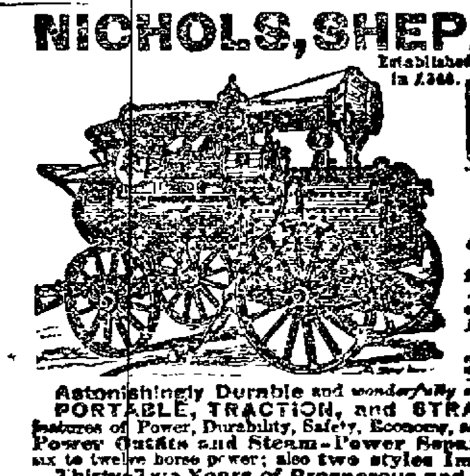
NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO. Battle Creek, Mich.

Established in 1848.

ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE



"VIBRATOR"

Threshing Machinery and Portable and Traction Engines.

THE STANDARD of excellence throughout the Grain-Raising World.

MATCHLESS for Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, Perfect Cleaning, Rapid and Thorough Work.

INCOMPARABLE in Quality of Material, Perfection of Parts, Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Finish, and Beauty of Model.

MARVELOUS for vastly superior work in all kinds of Grain, and universally known as the only successful Thresher in Flax, Timothy, Clover, and all other Seeds.

Astonishingly Durable and wonderfully simple, using less than half the usual gears and belts.

PORTABLE, TRACTION, and STRAW-BURNING STEAM-ENGINES, with special features of Power, Durability, Safety, Economy, and Beauty entirely unknown in other makes. Steam-Power Outfits and Steam-Power Separators a specialty. Four sizes of Separators, from six to twelve horse power; also two styles Improved Mounted Horse Powers.

Thirty-Two Years of Prosperous and Continuous Business by this house, without change of name, location, or management, furnishes a strong guarantee for superior goods and honorable dealing.

CAUTION! The wonderful success and popularity of our Vibrator Machinery has driven other machines to the wall; hence various makers are now attempting to build and palm off inferior and mongrel imitations of our famous goods.

BE NOT DECEIVED

by such experimental and worthless machinery. If you buy at all, get the "Original" and the "Genuine" from us.

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NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO., Battle Creek, Mich.

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J. C. CADY.

Furniture, Metallic and Wood Caskets, Picture Frames, Brackets Etc., Trunks and Grip-Sacks.

☞ CRADLES AND BABY CARRIAGES A SPECIALTY ☜

No. 19 NORTH THIRD ST., - - - - BISMARCK, D. T.

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Geo. P. Rowell & Co., newspaper advertising agents 10 Spruce st., New York are authorized to make contracts for this paper at our lowest rates. A file of this paper may be seen at the New York office.

Chas. K. Miller & Co., newspaper advertising agents, (Tribune building), Chicago, Ill., are authorized agents to contract advertising for this paper at our lowest rates.

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Judge—A. H. Barnes, Fargo, D. T.
District Attorney.—J. A. Stoyell, Bismarck.
Clerk.—E. N. Corey, Bismarck.
Deputy U. S. Marshal.—Alex McKenzie, Bismarck.

U. S. OFFICIALS.

E. B. Kirk, Capt., A. Q. M. U. S. A., Depot Q. M.
Geo. S Grimes, 1st Lieut. officer in charge U.S.Mil.Tel.
E. M. Brown, Receiver U. S. Land office.
Peter Mantor, Register, U. S. Land office.
C. A. Lounsbery, Postmaster.
Chas. M. Cushman Deputy-Collector U. S. Customs.
Frank P. Brown, Deputy Collector Internal Revenue.
E. N. Corey, U. S. Commissioner.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

County Clerk and Register of Deeds.—John H. Richards.
Sheriff.—Alexander McKenzie.
County Treasurer.—W. B. Watson.
Judge of Probate.—Emer N. Corey.
Superintendent of Public Schools.—J. Bragg.
County Commissioners.—Frank Donnelly, Joseph Hare, J. A. Emmons.
County Surveyor.—C. W. Thompson.
Coroner.—John Quinlan.
County Assessor.—P. Malloy.
Justice of the Peace.—E. B. Ware, Bismarck. Matt. Edgerly Mandan.

CITY OFFICIALS.

Mayor.—George Peoples.
City Treasurer.—J. D. Wakeman.
City Clerk.—Con Malloy.
City Attorney.—John E. Carland.
City Magistrate.—Geo. Glass.
Chief of Police.—John Waldron.
Aldermen.—W. A. Meserve, J. G. Malloy, M. J. Halloran, Gus. Thurnwald, Louis Westhauser, P. Comeford.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Episcopal Church.—Rev. J. G. Miller, D.D., Rector.
Methodist Church.—J. M. Bull, Pastor.
Presbyterian Church.—W. C. Stevens, Pastor.
Catholic Church.—P. John Chrysostom Foffa, O. S. B., Rector.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

Northern Pacific. Arrives daily, Sundays excepted, at 7.15 p. m. Leave daily, except Sunday, at 7:45 a. m.
Forts.—Leave for Fort Stevenson, Berthold and Buford every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m. Arrive Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.30 p. m.
Leave for Fort Yates and Sully and all down river posts daily, except Sunday, at 6 a. m.; arriving at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 8 p. m.
Leave for Fort Keogh and Miles City, and all points in Northern and Western Montana daily, except Sunday, at 8 a. m. Arrive at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 6 p. m.
Black Hills.—Leave daily, at 8 p. m.
Fort Benton.—Leave by steamboat, Benton line, every Wednesday.
Registered mails for all points close at 5 p. m.
Office open from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. Sundays from 7 to 8 a. m., and 4 to 6 p. m.

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JOHN A STOYELL—Attorney, 13 N Fourth st

DAVID STEWART—Attorney, Fourth Street

JOHN E CARLAND Attorney, (City Attorney) 64 Main st

FLANNERY & WETHERBY—Attorneys 47 Main Street
Geo P Flannery J K Wetherby

A. T BIGELOW, D D S.
Dental Rooms.
12 W Main st

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Physician and Surgeon.
U. S. Examining Physician.
Office 37 Main st, next to Tribune Block

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J W Raymond, President; W B Bell, Cashier
A general banking business transacted. Interest allowed on time deposits Collections promptly attended to

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Correspondents:—American Exchange National bank, New York; Merchants National Bank, St Paul

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Physician and Surgeon.
Calls left on the slate in the office will receive prompt attention.
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Sheridan House,

E. H. BLY, - - Proprietor.

The largest and best Hotel in Dakota Territory.

CORNER MAIN AND FIFTH STREETS,

BISMARCK, - - D. T.

MERCHANTS HOTEL,

Cor. Main and 3d St.

BISMARCK, - - D. T

L. N. GRIFFIN, Proprietor.

Building new and commodious, rooms large, comfortable and tastily furnished. First-class in every particular. Bills reasonable. 3-27tf

CUSTER HOTEL,

THOS. McGOWAN, Proprietor.

Fifth Street near Main,

Bismarck, - - D.T.

This house is a large three story building, entirely new, well lighted and heated, situated only a few rods from the depot, River men, railroad men, miners and army people will find first class accommodations at reasonable rates. 5-7

OSTLAND'S
Livery & Feed
STABLE,

Cor. Fifth and Main Sts.

Buggies and Saddle Horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.

My Buggies and Harness are new and of the best manufacture and style, and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.

My stable is large and airy, and accommodations for boarding stock the best in the country. 39-3m

O. H. BEAL,

DEALER IN

Fire Arms, Ammunition,
Fishing Tackle, &c.
Sharps and Winchester Rifles a Specialty.

Particular attention given to Repairing.

Orders by Mail Promptly Filled.

MAIN STREET, - - BISMARCK, D. T

ST. PAUL BUSINESS CARDS

CRAIG & LARKIN—Importers and dealers in Crockery. French China, Glassware, Lamps, Looking Glasses, and House Furnishing Goods. Third-st, St. Paul.

PERKINS & LYONS—Importers and dealers in Fine Wines and Liquors. Old Bourbon and Rye Whiskies. California Wines and Brandies, Scotch Ale, Dublin and London Porter No 31 Robert-st, St. Paul.

MINNEAPOLIS CARDS

MERCHANTS' HOTEL—Corner 3d-st and 1st ave, north. $2 per day: located in the very centre of business: two blocks from the post office and suspension bridge: street cars to all depots and all parts of the city pass within one block of the house J LAMONT, Prop

JOHN C. OSWALD,

Wholesale Dealer in

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

17 WASHINGTON-AVE, MINN.

Plow Works.

S. T. Ferguson, President. W. B. Jackson, Jr., Sec'y and Treas.

ESTABLISHED, 1860.

Monitor Plow Works

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.,

Manufacturers of the celebrated Monitor Plows, Breakers, Cultivators, Sulky Hay Rakes, Hand Corn Planters, Road Scrapers &c, The FERGUSON SULKY PLOW, This Sulky Plow contains some new features and improvements which none others have. The lightest iron frame and only adjustable steel beam

MONITOR

ESTABLISHED 1860.

THE MONITOR PLOW

Patent Adjustable Steel Beam—Patent Solid Double Shin Solid Steel.

Monitor Sulky Rake,

Light, Strong, Durable—Teeth Adjustable—Easy to Operate—Rakes Clean, Send for Descriptive List.

MATHES, GOOD & SCHURMEIER

THE LARGEST

TAILORING

ESTABLISHMENT

In The Northwest.

Importers and Jobbers of

Fine Woolens And Trimmings

82 Jackson St.,

St. Paul, - - Minn.—9y1

CEO. C. GIBBS & CO.,

PIONEER

BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP

Corner Third and Thayer Streets.

BISMARCK, - - - D. T.

None but the best of workmen employed, and we challenge competition.

N. DUNKLEBERG.

General Dealer in

Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Doors,
Mouldings Window Glass.
BUILDING MATERIAL

of all kinds.

BISMARCK, D.T.

John P. Hoagland,

Carpenter and Builder,

Fifth St Near Custer Hotel,

BISMARCK, D. T.

Contracting and Building of every nature. Special attention given to Fine Job Work.

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

STOMACH

BITTERS

20 Chromo Cards (perfect beauties) with name, 10c Outfit, 10c. TURNER CARD CO., Ashland, Mass.

Defensive Medication

Is a precaution which should never be neglected when danger is present, and therefore a course of the Bitters at this season is particularly desirable, especially for the feeble and sickly. As a remedy for billiousness, dyspepsia, nervousness, and bowel complaints, there is nothing comparable to this wholesome restorative.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Railways.

St. Louis, Minneapolis & St. Paul
SHORT LINE.

Composed of the

Minneapolis and St. Louis, Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railways.

Making the shortest line and the best time between St. Louis and all points in the South, Southwest and Southeast, and Minneapolis and St. Paul, the summer resorts and lake country, the most prominent of which are Lake Minnetonka and White Bear Lake, of the Northwest, and the great lakes.

Also direct line between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and all points East.

Tickets on sale at all the important coupon ticket stations throughout the South, East and West, via Peoria.

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Dated April 7, 1878.

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G. G. SANBORN, Gen'l Frt and Ticket Agt., St. Paul.
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DAVENPORT'S DISCLOSURES.

The Democratic Crusade for Free Fraud!

[From the New York Tribune.]

The inquiry into the transactions of Mr. John I. Davenport reminds us of the inquiry into the authenticity of the cipher dispatches. The Democratic majority in Congress was compelled by political exigencies to enter upon the investigation, but it has done so with hesitation and ill-concealed reluctance. Mr. Davenport's examination has been postponed again and again, while all sorts of witnesses, warranted not to give the Democrats any trouble, have been allowed to express themselves with the greatest freedom. It is more than a year and a half since the present inquiry was undertaken. It is eight months since Mr. Davenport addressed his indignant letter to Senator Wallace claiming the right to be examined. The delay in calling the one man who knows most about the subject of inquiry is not surprising, for it is well understood that Mr. Davenport has made a thorough study of the case under consideration, and that he is very sharp.

He has now opened so much of his budget as the Democratic members of the committee could not prevent his exhibiting, and the disclosures are certainly sensational. It appears that at the election of 1868 the Democratic majority in the city of New York was about 60,000, and this was sufficient to overcome a large Republican majority in the rest of the State, with 10,000 votes to spare. It has always been believed that the Democratic vote in that year was to a large extent fraudulent, and Mr. Davenport was employed by the Union League Club to conduct certain investigations. He discovered that between 60,000 and 70,000 bogus naturalization papers were issued in the single year 1868, chiefly by Judges Barnard and McCunn. The fraud began in the Court of Common Pleas, under Judge Cardozo, in 1866, but it was stopped there by the honest Democratic Clerk of the Court, Mr. Jarvis, who peremptorily refused to issue the fraudulent papers. The business was then taken over to McCunn, in the Superior Court (1867), and the next year Barnard, in the Supreme Court, lent a hand. The first thing that arrested suspicion in searching the records was the extraordinary number of the citizens manufactured by these two Judges. Previous committees of Congress had inquired of all the Judges who issued naturalization papers how long the process took. Judge Brady said five minutes; the others agreed that eight or ten men an hour was as many as they could naturalize. But it appeared from the court records that Judge Barnard turned out voters at the rate of 500 an hour, and McCunn was not far behind him. In October, 1868 (the month before election), over 37,000 naturalization papers purported to issue from the Supreme and Superior Courts—every one, with a few inconsiderable exceptions, bearing the name of Barnard or McCunn. On the 12th of October the number reached the extraordinary figure of 4,620, whereas, according to the testimony of Judge Brady and his colleagues, the utmost that the two Judges could have accomplished during the time these courts sat on the 12th of October (about five hours each) was the naturalization of 100 or 120 men.

Further search shows that there was no reasonable proportion between the number of naturalizations and the preliminary declarations of intention. The experience of the courts since 1868 proves that about half of those naturalized are on the record as declaring their intention to become citizens, the rest being men who came to this country under age, or who served in the army, and are therefore not obliged to file a declaration. But in 1868 the usual method was to issue all these fraudulent papers as if to persons exempt from declaration on account of their age on arrival. Mr. Davenport obtained the affidavits of 1,000 men who acknowledged that they had been naturalized as minors, although they were over age, many of them from 49 to 60 years old, when they landed. Even with all these frauds the work did not go on fast enough, and at least 20,000 naturalization papers were accordingly issued in blank, without any application for them, or transaction of any kind in court, or any record appearing on the books. Three thousand of these bogus papers were seized by the police at a liquor store in Prince street; they were intended for use in Connecticut, where a contract had been made to furnish them at 50 cents apiece. Mr. Davenport speaks from personal knowledge about the blank certificates, for he has had many of them—some thousands—in his possession. An examination of the court records for the past twenty-five years shows that the number of naturalizations has run from 2,500 to 16,000 a year, being highest, of course, in years of political excitement. Even in 1857, when the frauds began to be heavy, it was only 15,500. But in 1868 it went up to 70,000 or more. Probably nobody will ever know the exact figures, because no record was made on the books, but it is ascertained that Barnard's court had 39,000 blanks, and used all except 1,800 of them.

In the preparation of these false papers the conspirators committed the most reckless blunders. Certificates purporting to issue from the Supreme Court were dated back to 1866, although the court never naturalized any one, and no blanks were ever printed for it until 1868. Sometimes the imaginary applicant for naturalization was represented as a native of this country, or even of this city! Sometimes the application was signed in a good hand by witnesses who are found to be now unable to write. Often the names of prominent citizens as witnesses—August Belmont, John T. Hoffman, William M. Tweed, Peter B. Sweeny, John J. Bradley, William H. Vanderbilt, and United States District Attorney Courtney—were signed with a mark! But a great deal of the work was done by professional witnesses, who made nothing of swearing to a five-years' acquaintance with some two thousand applicants. These professional witnesses, of whom there were about 100, were kept in a room adjoining the court, and in one month they signed for 20,000 applicants. Ten of them appeared for no fewer than 8,245 persons. Patrick Goff, John Moran, John Ward, and Patrick McCaffery seem to have done the heaviest business. Goff gave his address in thirteen different streets, but always at the same number, 44. The residences of supposed applicants were placed in vacant lots, stone-yards, or wherever chance or fancy dictated. Occasionally the conspirators went through a whole street, and located a colony of applicants in each house, not stopping when they got to the end of the street, but carrying out the numbers *ad libitum*. In City Hall place, for example, which contains only forty houses, they ran the numbers up to 342. The applicants for naturalization, it appears, during the height of the fraud, *were never admitted to the court-room, and never saw the Judge*. The professional witnesses obtained the certificates, either filled out or in blank, and disposed of them at rates varying from 50 cents to $2. Quantities were delivered in Winchester, Putnam, Orange, and Rockland counties; Goff took 400 to Kings county, and Mr. Davenport knows of 500 that were offered for sale in Saratoga county. The complicity of the Democratic Committee in these transactions was notorious. The principal part of the business was carried on at the party headquarters, the system was organized there, the witnesses were supplied, the Judges were managed, and the aliens who were to vote on these bogus papers received their instructions. So vast a scheme could never have been carried out except by an organized central authority. But that there might be no doubt about the real responsibility for the crime, United States Marshal Murray in 1868 sent a number of fictitious names to the Democratic National Committee, and in a few hours obtained certificates of naturalization for $2 apiece.

These things were done while Tweed was in his glory. But we must not forget that the corruption of the suffrage thus introduced was a continuing danger and injustice; the 60,000 aliens supplied with bogus certificates repeated the crime every year they voted. When Mr. Davenport was appointed Chief Supervisor of Elections his first undertaking was to put a stop to this outrage upon the legal voters, and his method of doing so seems to have been highly judicious. He gave fair warning through the press, through the postoffice, and whenever possible by personal notification, that the fraudulent certificates would be challenged at the polls. He invited a committee from Tammany Hall to sit with him at his office, and requested all holders of the papers of 1868 to appear there and exchange their false certificates for valid ones, if they were entitled to them, or, at any rate, to be put in the way of becoming citizens. Several thousand persons did give up their bogus papers and made affidavit as to how they obtained them; and the number of voluntary surrenders would no doubt have been much greater if Tammany Hall—not the bad Tammany of Tweed, but the present reformed Tammany of Mr. Kelly—had not sent out circulars in English and German, warning Democratic voters not to appear before Davenport and to keep away from all Government Supervisors!

The course which Tammany adopted then is the course which the Democratic party has adopted ever since the Federal Government undertook to protect itself against wholesale corruptions of the suffrage. There is no doubt, there is no dispute about the facts of the naturalization frauds of 1868. There is no question that from 40,000 to 70,000 aliens were lawlessly thrust into the body of voters at that time, and that they had been voting ever since on the bogus papers of McCunn and Barnard, until Mr. Davenport's successful detective work stopped a good many of them. And because Mr. Davenport did that, and because he purposes to go on and complete his good work, he has been pursued by the entire Democracy of the United States with oaths in their mouths and blood in their eyes. A petition signed by Fernando Wood and seventy others has called for Davenport's impeachment and removal. Congress has spent four years trying to invent some kind of an investigation which would destroy him without letting him get his mouth open. Democratic orators have thundered at him. He has been made a great political issue. And finally the Democratic party of the nation resolved in solemn caucus to stop the Government if Davenport were not removed. It was to get rid of Davenport, more than for any other purpose, that they made the fight on the Marshals bill, and refused to pay debts, and blocked the operations of the courts, and brought on the extra session. They have made, they are still making, an astounding exhibition of themselves in this crusade for free fraud; but in matters that affect the purity of the suffrage they never did have any sense of decency.

TEXAS WHITE LINERS.

Their Brutal Terrorism—Threatening the Lives of Republicans.

[Washington Telegram to Chicago Inter Ocean.]

Some days ago a report was received from Texas to the effect that an attempt had been made to interfere with a Republican officer for making a speech in Texas by threatening his life. Atty. Gen. Devens ordered United States Attorney Burns to investigate the case, and his report has been received. He says: "If the courts of the National Government cannot protect the right of freedom of speech there will be no such right tolerated in the South."

Several other confirmatory statements accompany the report, one being a newspaper cutting, saying that the property of the colored people is taxed two or three times as much as that of white property, but in regard to the Bessels case, which called out the investigation, his own sworn statement is the most concise and circumstantial narrative of the affair, and is embodied in Burns' report. It is as follows:

GALVESTON, TEX., July 13, 1880.

To the Hon. J. R. Burns, Assistant United States District Attorney.

SIR: Having been referred to you by ex-Gov. E. L. Pease, the Collector of Customs, I would respectfully communicate for your official consideration the following facts which I state in my own way: I am, and have been for the past two years, in the employ of the Government as mounted Inspector of Customs on the coast of Texas, from Velasco to San Bernard river. On the 8th of May last, by request, I addressed a Republican meeting in the town of Brazoria. I made no assault upon the Democratic party or its leaders, and said only what as a man I had an undoubted right to say. I was born and raised in Berks county, Pa.; served during the rebellion on the flagship Benton, of the Mississippi squadron, and am, I think, old enough and intelligent enough to understand the ordinary rights of an American citizen. I gave the colored people some good advice as to how to improve their condition generally. I advised them that, though having a majority of 8,660 or 10,000 in the county, they should defer as much as possible to the claims of intelligent white men who were known to be good Republicans, and not to be misled into the election of Democrats who were professed Republicans only for office. I complained that, while ample provisions were made for the education of white children, only partial provision was made for colored; and that assessment for taxes was two or three times as much on the property of colored people as on the same kind of property belonging to white people; and, further, that while colored persons confined in jail awaiting trial were hired out for the benefit of the County treasury, white men in the same fix were not interfered with. I advised the colored people to strive to elevate and improve their condition. I said nothing but what I would publicly repeat anywhere. I took pains to impress upon the colored voters to be certain not to receive their tickets from anyone but those known to them to be Republicans.

The next day, on my way home, I was met in Brazoria by Dr. Aschom and a crowd of eight or ten other Democrats, who had been waiting for me, as I was informed, to call me to account for my speech of the day before. Dr. Aschom was the spokesman, and told me that, if I did not wish to follow Santee (meaning the Republican County Clerk, recently assassinated in his office on account of politics), I had better stay at home, and that, if I ever attempted to come to Brazoria again, I would be put out of the way." I said I saw no cause of complaint, as I had given no cause of offense. He replied: "We don't propose to have any Yankees interfere with our county affairs." I answered that, having lived in Texas three years, and the county of Brazoria nearly two, and being a tax-payer, I claimed the right of free speech, upon which Dr. Aschom remarked: "If you wish to save your life, stay at home." These threats were participated in by the crowd, some of whom said they had sent a petition to the Collector, Gov. Pease, demanding my removal. This statement, I subsequently learned, was false. One of the crowd said he would wade through blood up to his neck to kill a Yankee. Some weeks afterward I was informed by a trustworthy person that Dr. Aschom had said that I would be killed, but he would not do it himself; that he would be forty miles off when it was done. About two weeks ago Jos. L. Bryan, a wealthy planter, and his son called on me. I was absent when he called. On my return in the evening he sent for me to come down to the village store. A number of people were gathered there. Mr. Bryan gave vent to his feelings in regard to my speech, and wanted to know what business I had "making a Republican speech." He told me that if ever I attempted to make any speeches in that county (Brazoria), or take any more part in politics, I would "slide off like Santee," or "forget to wake up some morning." I informed him that I did not hold myself responsible to him or any other Democrat for making Republican speeches. I know a number of persons who witnessed this affair. Later I learned that the crowd had determined to kill me, and I was urged to leave the county immediately. To save my life I did so, and came on to Galveston to lay the matter before the Collector. Though a poor man, I will be compelled to give up my place to avoid assassination. The character of this man, Dr. Aschom, is well calculated to satisfy anyone that he and his partisans are fully equal to any amount of assassinations. He has lately murdered three persons, the last one a poor, inoffensive young man, who only a few days before had nursed him through an attack of delirium tremens. Dr. Aschom shot him down, and was acquitted by a Brazoria jury on the ground of insanity. AMOS T. BISSELL.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of July, A. D. 1880.

GEORGE C. REVES,
Clerk of the United States District Court.
By James T. Spaun, Deputy.

A Free Ballot.

More evidence is being daily received that the declaration of the Cincinnati Convention for a "free ballot" was a delusion and a snare. The Democrats hope by thus calling for a "free" ballot the people will overlook the true condition of affairs in some sections of the South. Below will be found a table, compiled from official sources, which needs no comment at our hands. It is so plain that "he who runs may read" and understand:

COUNTIES.	POPULATION IN 1870.		VOTES POLLED IN 1876.	
	White.	*Col'rd.*	*Hayes.*	*Tilden.*
Alabama—				
Green	3,858	14,511	2	408
Georgia—				
Bullock	3,866	1,744	0	1,006
Columbia	4,080	9,449	0	526
Elbert	4,386	4,863	0	871
Lincoln	1,797	3,616	0	548
Madison	3,646	1,581	0	599
Walton	6,875	4,162	2	1,393
Wilkes	3,969	7,827	2	1,139
Louisiana—				
E. Feliciana	4,166	10,593	0	1,736
Mississippi—				
Lowndes	7,489	23,022	2	2,073
Tallahatchee	3,215	4,637	1	1,144
Yazoo	4,884	12,395	2	3,672
Texas—				
Guadaloupe	4,748	2,534	0	469
Jackson	1,114	1,164	0	365
Polk	4,458	4,298	0	275
Sabine	2,139	1,109	0	341
Walker	2,951	5,823	1	397

Exiles in Siberia.

The popular idea of the fate of prisoners sentenced to hard labor in the mines of Siberia is a somewhat exaggerated one. It is generally believed that a man condemned to work in the Siberian mines is virtually condemned to death; that when he descends into his mine he says good-by to the light of heaven forever, being kept under ground until he dies; and that, living as he thus does, amid unhealthy fumes, death is not long in coming. The correspondent of the London *Times*, having heard these statements before he went to Siberia, appears to have taken some trouble to ascertain whether they are true or not, and, after many inquiries, "common fairness," he writes, "compels me to say that every one denied that there was any foundation for them. Even," he continues, "the few Poles who spoke to me so bitterly of the Government did not bring this to their charge, nor did I meet any of the convicts who said as much." On the contrary, the silver mines were, so far as he could learn, worked on the twelve, and sometimes even on the eight, hour system; while in the gold mines, which he himself visited, the men worked in summer from 6 in the morning till 7 at night, with intervals of rest for meals. In the coal mines, also, the men only work twelve hours a day, and an officer informed the writer that the amount of work allotted to each man per day ought to be got through by an energetic workman in about two hours. On the other hand it appears that flogging is not infrequently inflicted in a barbarous manner in Siberia. At three stations, but apparently at three stations only—at Kara, Nicolaievsk and Saghalien—an instrument called the "troichatka," or plait, is used. From twenty to fifty stripes are usually administered, though the number may be made 100; and the writer adds that "when the heavy numbers are inflicted, the punishment must be little short of an execution. Sometimes, in fact, the convicts do not recover from its effects"

Man's Age.

Few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental or bodily toil, or accidents. The passions kill men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression, choked with passion, has little exaggeration in it; for, even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young; weak men live longer than the strong; for the strong use their strength and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, to run; the weak to burn out. The inferior animals which live temperate lives have generally their prescribed number of years. The horse lives twenty-five, the ox fifteen or twenty, the lion about twenty, the dog ten or twelve, the rabbit eight, the guinea pig six or seven years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size. But man, of the animals, is one that seldom lives this average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to physical law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but, instead of that, he scarcely reaches on an average four times his growing period; the cat six times; the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and the most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard worked of all the animals. He is also the most irritable of all animals; and there is reason to believe, though we can not tell what an animal secretly feels, that, more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.—*Albany Journal.*

Trees and Health.

Everybody knows that trees take the carbonic acid thrown out in the brathe of men and animals, separate it into its component parts—carbon and oxygen—give back the latter to to be used over again, and work up the former into wood and fruit.

It is also coming to be generally understood that forest trees do important service in prompting rainfalls, and in helping to retain the surface water for springs, streams and general use.

It is also known that certain species, planted in malarial localities, help to render the latter healthy by somehow using up the deadly miasma.

It would now appear that trees growing near drains carry off the sewerage water.

A gentleman whose cess-drain was constructed just like his neighbors', and in the same kind of soil, has found it unnecessary to clean it out, while the others had to be cleaned out frequently.

An examination showed that three arge trees, whose roots had penetrated into the vicinity of his second, or waste, cess-pool, were clearly the channels through which the waste all escaped.

Whether it was changed into plant-food, as is likely, or was exhaled through the leaves, in either case it was disposed of with equal safety.

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A LITTLE CHILD LEADS THEM.

The wind was blowing loud and shrill,
The clouds were coming fast;
The booming thunder boding ill,
Had reached the church at last.
And cowering 'neath the entry-porch,
With eyes made large with wonder—
A truant child sought refuge there,
And feared the deaf'ning thunder.

The wind was blowing high and loud,
Had thrown the ancient steeple;
The flood that poured from the wrathful cloud
Alarmed the devout people.
A shout of prayer rose from each,
And hearts beat quick with wonder
And parted lips, too white for speech,
As burst the deaf'ning thunder.

A song was heard in the lull of storm
(To me it still is ringing):
From 'neath the ancient entry-porch,
We heard a small voice singing:
"Though a little child I be,
Still my Maker cares for me;
And to Him alone I'll raise
Hymns of joy and songs of praise."

The pastor bowed him where he stood,
Said: "Thanks for the trust of babes—for the song
Which quickens our faith in the Infinite God,
And comforts this troubled throng."
The lightning, flaming like a torch,
No more the flock dismayed;
We heard again from 'neath the porch:
"It is I—be not afraid!"
—*Chicago Ledger.*

CAUGHT IN A QUICKSAND.

It is now quite a number of years since two old hunters, Buck Stradling and Tom Smille were hunting with me in the western part of Texas, just south of the famous El Cano Estacado. We had gone into the interior more for sport than anything else, caring very little whether we secured more game than answered for our immediate wants or not.

Penetrating still further and further toward the Mexican dominion, we finally struck a barren, parched country, upon which we entered with some hesitation.

"This looks as though we shan't find any water," I remarked, as we reined up our horses and took a survey of the arid plain.

"Does look rather skeery," replied Stradling, taking his short, black pipe from his mouth, "but I guess we'll try it. It'll make a sort of variety to this eternal tramping."

"But what will we do without water?" I asked.

"Why, you see, there is water four or five miles back of us; so we can go ahead for a day, and, if we can't find anything, why, we can turn round and make back tracks. It'll go rather tough, but it won't hurt us. My idea," continued the trapper, growing philosophical, "is, that we never know what water is till we've gone two or three days without it, just as the only way to get a good, sound, refreshing sleep is to sit up for a couple of nights."

So it was concluded that we should venture upon this unknown Sahara; and, giving rein to our horses, we struck off upon an easy gallop.

We saw nothing of buffalo or deer, and more than once I questioned the prudence of the step, but, as we were actuated somewhat by curiosity, I said nothing, and we pressed forward.

We had an abundance of dried meat, which, no doubt, would last us all the time necessary. Now and then we caught sight of an antelope, but they were very shy, and kept at a distance which placed them beyond all danger of our guns.

As we were riding along, and had come to the conclusion that it would be impossible to secure any game, I was sure I discerned a pair of antlers beyond a swell in the prairie, and declared as much to my companions, but they only laughed at me, and told me to give up the foolish thought. I was certain, however, that I had really seen the animal, and, as there was a chance to secure something palatable for supper, I assured them that I would do so. They told me to go ahead, while they reined their animals down to a walk and pursued their way more leisurely.

I may here remark that hunters often separate for an entire day, first agreeing upon the guides by which they shall meet again, and I had no hesitation in doing the same. My horse was fresh, and snuffed the air as though anxious to stretch his limbs; so, without useless hesitation, I waved them a playful good-by, and started away.

I aimed directly toward the spot where I had discovered the object; I judged it to be a half-mile distant, but when I reached the place, it proved to be double that distance, an illusion which often misleads hunters and travelers.

A singularly-formed ridge crossed the plain from east to west. A thicket of cactus grew upon its summit, and toward the thicket I directed my course. I dismounted before ascending the hill, and, cautiously leading my horse among the cactus bushes, I tied him to one of the limbs. I tied him with slight security, for the noble beast did not need anything more. This done, I stealthily made my way through the bushes toward the point where I was sure I had seen the game.

What was my surprise and pleasure to see not one antelope, but half-a-dozen grazing beyond! This was a surprise and pleasure in more than one sense; for, while we had set this section of the country down as a barren waste, here was *prima-facie* evidence of our mistake. Where there was vegetation, I argued, there must be water.

However, the antelopes were 1,000 feet distant, upon a smooth, grassy slope. There was not the slightest covering to protect an approach, and I began to debate with myself upon the best course to pursue. Should I imitate the call of one of their number in distress? There was something so inhuman in that that I revolted at the thought, and took the consolation that no true hunter would descend to such meanness. Should I tie my red handkerchief upon my ramrod, and take advantage of their curiosity? They were too shy.

Ah! an idea struck me. My eye suddenly rested upon a bluish line running across the prairie, beyond where the animals were feeding. It was either a buffalo road or the channel of an arroyo; but, whichever it was, it was the very cover I wanted, and I determined to take immediate advantage of it.

Retreating as stealthily from the thicket as I had entered it, I hurried along the side of the slope toward a point where I had observed that the ridge was depressed to the level of the plain. Reaching this, to my still greater surprise I found myself on the banks of a broad arroyo, whose water slowly meandered over a bed of sand and gypsum. The banks were two or three feet above the surface of the stream, except where the ridge came down upon the stream. Here there was quite a high bluff, and, hurrying around its base, I stepped into the channel and commenced wading upward.

This was quite a difficult feat, as the bed of the creek was soft and yielding, and I was obliged to tread very cautiously and slowly, lest I should alarm the game. The antelope is one of the most timid of animals, and has a wonderfully acute sense of hearing—so much so, that none but the most experienced hunters can approach him.

After creeping along in this wearisome manner for several hundred yards, I reached a small clump of wormwood bushes growing out of the bank. Thinking this might be high enough to answer for cover, I concluded to take advantage of it. I slowly raised myself up and peered through the leaves. I had just the right place, and, sighting at the heart of the buck, I pulled the trigger. The brute sprang up and dropped dead. I was on the point of running forward to claim the prize, when I saw the doe run up to its fallen mate and snuff at it as if bewildered at the occurrence. Suddenly she seemed to comprehend the sad truth, and, throwing back her head, began uttering the most plaintive and piteous cries, while she occasionally ran round the body, as if totally unable to control her grief.

At first it was not my intention to kill the doe, and, had I dreamed of witnessing such a painful scene, I should not have done so. How often do we hunters, in the excitement of the chase, commit deeds which, in our calmer moments, we can see as heartless and cruel! But the deed was done past recall, and wherefore regret?

As I watched the mournful actions of the doe, and heard its piteous cries, I saw that it would be a mercy to kill it and end its misery. Actuated by what, perhaps, was a questionable humanity, I took a careful aim, pulled the trigger, and, as the smoke cleared away, I discovered the doe lying dead with its head resting upon its departed mate.

"Both are out of distress," was my comforting reflection, "and I have secured a rare supper, with which I will tickle the palates of my two friends, and convince them that they are not the only ones who have a knowledge of hunting—but what is the meaning of this?"

I attempted to move, and found both feet fast. My first thought was that I had been stricken with paralysis, and a chill ran over me from head to foot. But no; I could feel the blood coursing to the remotest part of my system, and I tugged like a giant. I tried to step, twisted to the right and left, wrenched my body, but all in vain—I was fast.

Suddenly the truth flashed upon me—I was sinking in a quicksand.

With this knowledge came a fierce resolve not to succumb. I would wrench off my feet before I would consent to die in this inglorious and dreadful manner. Summoning all the strength of which I was master, I tugged and pulled and twisted with the fury of madness, and then paused exhausted, and found that the only result was that I had sunk several inches deeper in the quicksand. The soft, clinging sand was already at the top of my boots, and had so wedged them around my ankles that it was impossible to pull them off. All the time I could feel myself sinking slowly and surely, as though some monster, deep in the bowels of the earth, had grasped me by the feet and was gradually drawing me under.

Almost beside myself with terror, I shouted for help, and then I laughed wildly at the idea of my voice reaching any one. I was miles away from any person. The only living creature within hearing was my horse, and he answered me with a neigh, as if sympathizing with me in my despair.

And now I tried to think coolly upon my position. Was there really no possible way of extricating myself? Stay! Suppose I should lay my rifle horizontally across the sand, would it not prevent my sinking? Perhaps so; at least I could try it.

I looked around for my gun, but nothing of it was to be seen. That, too, alas! had sunk beneath the surface. Could I dig my way out? No; the sand streamed into the hollow as often as I tore it with my frenzied fingers.

Could I not lie flat on my back, and thus stay my downward progress? The thought was dismissed the moment it came to me. The water was eighteen inches deep, and I should drown at once. Oh, heavens! dying by this slow, torturing process. The thought drove me mad for the time.

After a while I became cool again. If I must die, I must; and I aroused myself to meet it manfully. I stood erect, and found that my head had sunk to the prairie level, and I could just see the victims of my heartlessness. My heart reproached me at the sight. Was not this a just retribution for the misery I had inflicted? What right had I to shoot those poor, innocent creatures who had never harmed me? Was it not the final adjustment of justice that I should be made to feel and suffer the same pangs that I had inflicted upon them?

Such, and similar, were the thoughts that coursed through my seething brain. I raised my eyes to heaven, and almost expected to see a frown of divine anger for the part I had taken. But no; the sun was shining as bright and the sky was as cerulean and mild as ever. No; whatever transgressions I had committed, I knew there was nothing but forgiveness and love bending over me, and I prayed as only sinful man can pray when encompassed by certain death.

But all this time I was sinking—sinking slowly but surely, and the moment could not be distant when I should be swallowed up and disappear from view entirely, and those who should come to search for me could only surmise my fate.

I had taken my last fond look upon the green, fair earth. I could only see the blue, clayey wall which held the stream, and the water which ran unheeding by me. Again I looked up at the blue sweet sky, and then endeavored to resign myself to my fate. But I could not; the memories of the fair earth and my past pleasures and friends came so vividly over me that I found myself continually bursting into struggling spasms to escape, but all equally fruitless as were the first feeble attempts to walk.

In the midst of this racking suspense I was startled by the shrill neighing of my horse. At first this gave me indescribable distress, as I could not avoid contrasting his free situation with my own. But suddenly a bright thought flashed over me. Could not my horse rescue me?

He was tied to a frail cactus limb, which he could easily break, if he chose. Without losing time—for time was never so precious—I uttered a call which I had often used to bring him to me; then listened with an anxiety which it is useless for me to attempt to depict. Suddenly I heard the sound of his hoofs, as though he were struggling to free himself, and the next moment I recognized his well-known tramp, and knew that he was approaching. Then he suddenly appeared on the bank, and, looking down at me, uttered a joyful neigh of recognition.

Peculiar attachment exists between the hunter and his horse, and it was a habit of his, whenever I called to him, to gallop up to me and press his nose against my cheek. Reaching out my hands toward him, in my usual caressing manner, I repeated the call. The next moment he bounded down into the channel, and I caught him by the bridle. Time was becoming fearfully precious. I was already down to my waist in the water. I seized the lariat, and, passing it under the saddle-girths, secured it in a firm knot. I then made a loop and passed it around my body.

Heaven bless the noble horse! The tears well to my eyes when I reflect upon the grand creature to whom a few years ago I gave an honorable grave in the broad prairie. All the time I believe he comprehended my sore strait, and understood perfectly what was required of him. He knew, too, the treacherous nature of the ground upon which he stood, for while waiting he continued lifting his feet and slightly changing his position to prevent his sinking. Finally, I had my arrangements completed, and I gave the word to the horse to move. The intelligent animal stepped off very slowly, pulling gradually, but with all his tremendous strength. To my inexpressible joy, I felt my body raising, and in less than a minute I was pulled clean out of the sand, upon the hard, clayey bank. Thank heaven! and my true, tried, noble horse!

I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him, and shouted for joy. And had I not a right to do so? And did I do more than my duty when I refused all offers to part with him, and kept him with all the care and kindness that I would have nursed a feeble parent?

Over-Curious People.

Over-curious people are not easily silenced, but the feat is to be accomplished. An old gentleman complaining that his glasses were not strong enough to serve his turn was told by the optician that they ought to be so, seeing they were twos.

"What have you got after twos?" inquired he.

"Number ones," was the reply.

"And after ones?"

"Oh," said the optician, "if you don't find them strong enough, sir, you will require a dog and a string."

The following colloquy took place outside a house in an American city, between some country visitors, unable to obtain entrance, and a German living next door:

"Jane not at home, did you say?"

"Nein, Chane's nod at home."

"Where is she?"

"She's gone the cemetery down."

"When will she come back?"

"Oh, she won't come back already any more; she's gone to stay; she's det!"

A stranger, passing a churchyard and seeing a hearse standing hard by, inquired who was dead.

The sexton informed him.

"What complaint?" asked the inquisitive one.

"There is no complaint; everybody is satisfied," was the reply.

One man remained unsatisfied when he read in a California newspaper a paragraph respecting the vexed question of how Cain obtained a wife. It read as follows:

"You want to know where Cain obtained his wife. Upon any subject of a public nature we never refuse to throw the desired light. But this is altogether a different thing. It is a family matter with which we do not care to meddle. Cain died some time before many of us were born, and such idle curiosity respecting the family affairs of a deceased person we regard as most reprehensible, and calculated to violate the sanctities of domestic life."

Capital Punishment in China.

Apropos of the sentence just pronounced upon Chun Hou, formerly the Ambassador of China at this court, Prof. Vassilieff furnishes the following explanations: According to the latest Pekin newspapers, Chun Hou, though condemned to be hung, is not immediately to be put to death, but kept in prison for the present. Capital sentences are promptly carried out in the case of insurgents and certain other classes of criminals, where delay might endanger the peace of the country. In such cases even the local magistrate is empowered to summarily take life if he deems it necessary. But ordinarily the executions throughout the empire take place simultaneously at the autumnal equinox, at which time the Emperor visits the Temple of Heaven to clear himself of the sin of shedding blood. Hence, if an ordinary criminal is sentenced the day after the autumnal equinox, he has a whole year of life still before him. Moreover, for a certain time before the equinox the Minister of Tortures receives and examines the lists of the condemned from all parts of the empire, and reports to the Emperor the names of those least deserving of clemency. The Emperor then orders some to be executed forthwith, and respites others for another year. The sealed lists of the doomed are carried to all parts of the empire by couriers. On a fixed day all the sentenced criminals are brought to a public place, where the sealed lists are opened and the Emperor's orders carried out on the spot. Some are beheaded with a sword, or a common knife; some are strangled by being dragged over the ground, for the jibbet is not used in China. Beheading is regarded more shameful than strangling, for the latter leaves the body whole, while the former dismembers it. —*St. Petersburg Golos.*

AT a legal investigation of a liquor seizure the Judge asked an unwilling witness, "What was in the barrel that you had?" "Well, your Honor, it was marked 'whisky' on one end of the barrel and 'Pat Duffy' on the other end, so that I can't say whether it was whisky or Pat Duffy that was in the barrel, being as I am on my oath."

MEMORY DREAMS.

BY DR. ROBERT F. DOTY.

Low down upon my couch I fell,
Fatigued by traveling far;
I dreamed, in one sweet magic spell,
A dream of things which are.

Low in the western sky of blue
I saw the sun sink down,
And throw a tinge of reddish hue
Upon the country town.

I saw the herds upon the lea
Walking as in unrest,
Their soft eyes looking up to me,
Denoting love—the best.

I saw below the aged mill,
Which for many years had run,
The waters from the little rill
Commingle into one.

I saw the weary traveler walk
Along his thorny way;
He of his many woes did talk,
And for good times did pray.

I saw the sun its rays reflect
Upon the great church spire,
And saw philosophy inspect
Its truths which never tire.

I saw the races here below
Walk in their earthly sphere:
Some were dark, and some as snow,
And some were young—some sere.

I saw the poets' faces fair
All round a table great,
And one did say, "Beware, beware
Of woman who will prate!"

I saw the cataract, and its flow,
As swift as that old bird
Which took off Ganymede in woe,
To that of the unheard.

Of all this I did dream that night,
When the sun had sunk to rest,
Did give to me a grander sight
Than the beauties of the West.

Of the beauties of the North and South,
And the beauties of the East;
Of rivers from source to mouth,
Ah! the beauties never ceased.

This I did dream in one sweet dream,
As the hours sped along.
Ah! memory dreams, they do seem
As Nature's grandest song.

And pensive from my couch I stand,
As foolish as a clown;
The woods with one welkin rang
Around the country town.

Nervous Depression.

The chief part of the cure lies with the patient. Change, exercise, fresh air, diet, tonic—all these together will not cure any one who gives up and gives way. The aim of the patient must be to disregard and even defy his sensations, impressions, languor or whatever form his sufferings may take, and just go on as usual, doing all he can to forget self. Nervous people often rally wonderfully under pleasant excitement, sometimes even under sudden trial. They surprise their friends by their activity and endurance, and accomplish the otherwise impossible. Let us illustrate our meaning in one or two particulars. Suppose a patient so severely depressed that he can hardly be persuaded to move; he must begin—he must try.

No brooding over troubles and watching for symptoms. Giving up is fatal; resolution and hope gain the victory, with the help of Providence. And even as to fears, forebodings, and so forth, the same direction, in substance, will apply. A lady told the writer that, after a period of acute suffering from various apprehensions, she one day said to herself; "Now I have long been fearing all sorts of things, and they do not come; I have had all manner of distress, and dreaded what has never yet happened. Nothing that I have been so alarmed about has really occurred. I will allow these tormenting fears no longer." And she resolutely dismissed her apprehensions. She strove against, and in time overcame, her gloomy and groundless forebodings, and now lives to encourage others, to preach hope and cheerfulness and trust.

Not a few of the habits of modern life strain the nervous system considerably; hurry and excitement are far too prevalent. "Taking things coolly" should be at least endeavored by those who may have much in their work calculated to stimulate the mind or the feelings. Excess of any kind is constantly the parent of nervous depression. So, too, are exciting amusements, such as gambling. Too much novel-reading is an unsuspected, but often very powerful, contributing cause. Overwork, alas! is one which it is not so easy to remedy as to denounce.

Little to earn, and many to keep,

Often strains the nerves and brain too heavily. A good hobby is often a wonderful relief to the overtaxed mind. Too little exercise and too much tea ruin the nerves of many a woman. Men often try theirs by indulging too freely in the use of tobacco. Young men, and above all growing lads, are very unwise if they employ tobacco at all. Their elders have more excuse; but the vigor of youth cannot require it, and certainly will not profit by it. The diabolical cruelty of frightening young children is almost certain to sow the seeds of nervous weakness; so does harsh treatment in later childhood. And over-driving and harrassing young lads and girls, whether at books or work, all tend in the same direction. Competitive examinations have to answer for some cases of enfeebled nerves.

Simple habits, moderation in all things, cheerful amusements or pastimes, and reasonable care, will go far to prevent nervousness. But when, through ignorance, indiscretion, hereditary tendency, or affliction, it has been developed, the sufferer will do well to give all heed to the foregoing hints, and take for his motto, "Hope on, hope ever."

CURIOSITIES OF FIGURES.—Here's a curiosity of little students: The multiplication for 987654321 by 45 gives 44,444,444,45. Reversing the order of the digits, and multiplying 123456789 by 45 we get a result equally curious, 5,555,55,505. If we take 123456789 as the multiplicand, and, interchanging the figures of 45, take 54 as the muliplier, we have another remarkable product, 6,666,666,606. Returning to the multiplicand first used, 987654321, and taking 54 as the multiplier again, we get 53,333,333,334—all threes except the first and last figures, which read together 54, the multiplier. Taking the same multiplicand and 27, the half of 54, as the multiplier, we get a product of 26,666,666,667, all sixes except the first and last, figures, which read together give 27 the multiplier. Next interchanging the figures in the number 27, and using 72 as the multiplier, with 987654321 as the multiplicand, we obtain a product of 71,111,111,112—all ones except the first and last figures, which, read together, give 72, the multiplier.

WE are told "the evening wore on," but we are never told what the evening wore on that occasion. Was it the close of a summer's day?

True Stories About Animals.

The other day the elephant came into the big tent fanning himself wearily with his ears.

"Has the mammoth hippo-olympical and monster menagerie of living wild beasts and mastodon colossal aggregation of the road," he asked, "realized that it is about time for the members of the assembly to put away their furs in cedar boxes and camphor for the summer?"

The polar bear said he believed he would have his packed away in ice, if he could get the provisions out of the ice-box.

The elephant told him he would be more likely to hang his hide on the fence than do anything else with it, if the weather struck in much warmer.

The grizzly bear said he was going to store his fur.

"Where?" asked the rest of the animals.

"In a wear house," replied the bear, with a grim smile.

"That is," said the elephant, severely, "you are going to wear it?"

"On my back," said the bear.

And the elephant told him to be more explicit in his remarks when they were discussing such an important subject.

"You aren't very much worried about your furs," the bear retorted, "are you?"

The elephant looked a little uneasy, and backed around to hide from general view the scanty wisp of hair at the end of his tail.

"What have you been wearing this winter," asked the leopard, "Russian sable or mink?"

"You've been clipped, haven't you?" asked the monkey.

"You might soak yourself in a tan vat," said the buffalo, "and you'd have a nice waterproof suit of sole-leather."

"The moths must have got into your fur, didn't they?" asked the mink.

"You ought to have a good shampoo," said the zebra, "about twice or three times a week; that would bring the hair out."

"That's the trouble with him," the giraffe said; "something has brought it out already."

"You ought to graft yourself with a caterpillar," said the hyena.

"Or," the Numidian lion suggested, "you might have yourself vaccinated with a hair brush."

The elephant freely remarked that he always had his hair cut close in the spring, and he never suffered from the headache nor eruptions of the skin. But the explanation had a very thin kind of a sound, and the conference passed on to the discussion of the third question, and shortly after, singing "The Babies on our Block," in a very ironical manner, adjourned.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

What Has Been.

Our youthful illusions linger with us still, to a certain extent, world-worn though we are. The friends of our childhood stand forth boldly in our memory. None other were half so true, so kind, so witty, so clever. There was that sweet young poet who might have become a second Tennyson, if only he would have condescended to give his music to the world, but who preferred instead to inscribe his matchless gems in albums and the like—how devoutly we believed in him! how profoundly we admired him! The other day we turned up a batch of his lucubrations, and re-read them with the light of thirty years in between. We found them sickly in tone, false in sentiment, halting in their feet, and of impure or feminine rhymes. And we were foolish enough to regret that the illusion of years had been shattered! What boundless wealth with his $2,000 a year had the Crœsus of our modest village! We have since known men only tolerably well off on $10,000—men who envied their neighbors who had $20,000, and thought themselves poor by comparison. The local beauty of our young days would, we are very sure, prove herself to have been an ill-dressed, simpering, milliner-like young person, could we but see her now, with our experience of what real, high-bred, well-dressed beauty is; the clever young lady who used to talk in hexameters, who confessed in Latin and was suspected of Greek, and whose learning we took to be as deep as the sea, would turn out to be only a voluble young blue stocking, who floundered boldly where she could not swim. The Hebe of our youth would reveal herself as the hoyden of our age; the self-made local scientist with his discovery of perpetual motion, his balloon that would not collapse, his locomotive that was as safe as a church—he was only a poor dreamer; and the village Hampden, whose arguments were so convincing, was a purblind partisan, who never saw more than half of any question he took up. But we see nothing of all this. Memory has crystallized all these forms and characters; and we see them by the light of youthful imagination even now in the twilight of our decay, and, seeing them as we thought they were, we love them for what they never have been.

The Man with a Glass Eye.

A one-eyed man in St. Louis has a glass eye. This is the way he uses it. He says: "A man came into my office once to give me a thrashing about a little difference we had in regard to the settlement of a small estate. I listened to him coolly and deliberately. Then, when I saw he was about to strike, I pulled out my eye and laid it on the table, as if it were a disposed-of motion. That man went down stairs on the outside of the building. Still he could have got away with me if he had persisted. I was out the other day for a walk, when a couple of ladies approached me, asking for alms. As if to cogitate upon the ailments of the world, I took out my knife and unconsciously picked on the glass optic this way (illustrating). They left their baskets on the ground, and, though I offered to put up for their cause, nothing could head them off. But it is in the street-car that I have the most fun. Taking my 6-o'clock car at the starting point, of course I secure a seat. Very soon the seats are crowded with men and ladies come in. I shut my good eye, so (illustrating), and level the dead eye on the man I want to have raised to make room for the lady. In time it will bring a man to his feet. There's something in the stare of a dead eye that will make a man's blood like it was put on ice. I have cleaned a whole car out this way, and had the thanks of the ladies voted."

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

This book is all that's left me now;
Tears will unbidden start;
With falt'ring lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past
There is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped;
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearthstone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead
Here are they living still.

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear,
Her angel face I see it yet;
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met,
Within the halls of home.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live
It taught me how to die.

THIS AND THAT.

THE great American dessert—Pie.

A DIME novel is of course in-ten-cent-sation.

FORCED politeness—Bowing to necessity.

'TIS very easy to re-cover an old umbrella.

SWEATING for one's daily bread is a pore way of getting it.

LIES go by telegraph; the truth comes in by mail three hours late.

IN 300 years five Sundays in February can only occur nine times.

MOTHERLY wisdom—Stick to your flannels until they stick to you.

A WAG says of a toper: His nose has passed the rubicund.

HOW LONG does a widower mourn for his wife? For a second.

CAN any one improve his condition by whining? If not, whine not.

THE person who retires with the sun must have a warm bedfellow.

WHY should the letter "g" be greatly prized by farmers? Because it changes rain into grain.

A PRINTER'S girl fell exhausted into his arms at a ball. It was a feint to work in an em brace.

WHAT need is there to worry and fret,
And vainly try more trouble to borrow,
When we know that after the sun has set
To-day will be yesterday to-morrow.

THE New Orleans *Picayune* says: "Never marry a woman without sense, unless you are a fool yourself."

SHE may dress in silk, or dress in satin,
May know the language, Greek and Latin,
May know fine art, may love and sigh—
But she ain't no good if she can't make pie.

"WHAT do you most like next to yourself?" asks an exchange. A gauze-silk undershirt, if the weather is very hot.

"SMILES may end in tears," says a solemn-looking person. Of course, and tears may end in smiles.

THE small boy's digestive apparatus is undoubtedly the nearest approach to perpetual motion that the world has yet known.

DANBURY *News:* "Every year the winter grows milder. The time will come when sleighs will be fitted with mosquito-nets."

"I DON'T mean to reflect on you," said one man to another. "No," was the reply, "you're not polished enough to reflect upon anybody."

THE puzzle blocks originated in Philadelphia, where the blocks of houses are so much alike that a man is puzzled to know when he gets home.

A DAKOTA girl has married a Chinaman. He had some difficulty in explaining the state of his heart, but she finally got his cue.

WE are told that "Gen. S—— was always coolest when on the point of attack." Most people are hottest when on the point of a tack.

"THE family man," says Mrs. Quilp, "resembles an oyster on the half-shell. The shell is shown at home—the soft side abroad."

"WHOM can we trust?" is the black-type inquiry of an exchange. It is of no consequence. "Whom can we induce to trust us?" is the soul agonizer.

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND, the naturalist, recommends a goat being kept in all large stables, because it will face fire and horses will follow its lead.

"TENNYSON spends hours on a single line." And so, by the way, does the washerwomen. And the line of the latter is the longest.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE Philadelphia *North American* tells of a man given up by the doctors. When a man is given up by the Philadelphia doctors it is strong evidence that his money is all gone.

NEVER be afraid of a man who challenges you to fight a duel. He will feel all that you can feel, and more too. The man who rushes at you with a spade is is the chap to look out for.

THERE are things that will make a man mad, but one is enough when his wife tells him he can't have any dinner because she couldn't get the wash-boiler off the stove in time.

A YOUNG lawyer in Kentucky, when the Judge decided a case against him, said to the court: "Well, now, I shall take the case to another Judge, and let him guess what the law is."

NEW YORK *Graphic:* When old Mr. Lamb, the confectioner, found his daughter Jerusha sampling his sweetmeats, he exclaimed in anguish: "O, Jerusha Lamb, Jerusha Lamb, thou that killest the profits."

A STORY is told in India of a parrot which had learned so many phrases of English that it constructed a grammar of the language, and, being missed one day, was at last found perched on the top of a tamarind tree, instructing all the parrots of the neighboring jungle on the rudiments of syntax. There are people disposed to disbelieve parrot stories, yet some of them can be positively substantiated. So, for instance, one of our respected citizens, wooing a widow, was interrupted at a critical moment in his fervent address by a voice from the cage in the window, asking in sorrowing tones: "Who kissed the cook?"

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LOCAL LEAVES.

Torn From the Tribune Reporter's Note-Book.

Dunn & Co., druggists, 92 Main street.

Monday's rain amounted to one and sixty-five hundredths inches.

Reeds Gilt Edge Tonic gives permanent relief in all choleric disorders.

Mike McLear has been appointed deputy U.S. marshal, an office with which he is perfectly familiar.

Rev. J. G. Miller is again at work, holding services at stations between Jamestown and Bismarck.

Tommie Mullen, of Minneapolis, a genial decoctor of fluid extracts, graces the bar of the Sheridan House.

Are we to have another brass band, or are we not? That's what some of our young men would like to know.

Emmerson, of the Sheridan, has the corner on about 800 bushels of oats, raised on the sod on his suburban farm.

The Bismarck stage company have fifteen mowers and sixty-three men putting up hay on their Fort Pierre line to the Hills.

Henry Dion has been in town all this week purchasing stock for his establishment on the extension. Henry is an old time rustler.

The famous bycicle has at last reached Bismarck and may be seen daily with its rider, gliding swiftly over the city boulevards.

Schiffler, the tailor, is prosperous. He has taken up a claim a few miles out, purchased a team and becomes a permanent fixture

H. M. Stevens, for a long time connected with Logan's grocery, goes to Pierre the first of September to engage in the same trade for himself.

Peoples' stage line to Mandan and Joe Deitrich's ditto to the levee have been kept unusually busy this week taking passengers to and fro.

Col J. M. Bull, pastor of the Methodist church, leaves for the extension next week. He expects to reach the Yellowstone before returning

A social hop was given at the Custer House Monday evening to the guests and their friends. A merry time was kept up until the break of day.

Charley Brien, for some time employed by Justus Bragg, has swung out for himself, and opened a market corner of 3rd and Meigs streets

Bannigan & Mathews, of Mandan, have dissolved partnership. Pete retains the business, and at the same time is engaged in trade on Green River.

T. W. Griffin received seventy-five head of choice Montana cattle by the steamer Eclipse, and his customers now feed on the best kind of Montana beef.

The recent fire in the wheat field of Gill and Cameron, east of the city, caused by the sparks from a locomotive, is said to have resulted in a loss of $1,000.

The baby engine St. Cloud came in from the extension Monday with one car attached. She is a beauty, and can get over the track as fast as her larger sisters.

Mr. Finney, for some time past the assistant operator at the Northwestern telegraph office, has gone to the terminus of the road, from which point he will sling lightning.

A good evidence of Burleigh's increasing prosperity is the large amount of agricultural machinery received from the east and its rapid sale by Bismarck's merchants.

Deputy U. S. Marshal McLear left for Green River Wednesday afternoon with warrants for the arrest of parties who have been engaged in coaxing away government mules.

Mr. Rudesill, the superintendent of the new court house, has received an additional force of masons from below, arriving last Friday night. The work is progressing very fast

The windows for the new Metholist church have been shipped from Minneapolis and are expected daily. When put in, nothing remains to complete the building except plastering.

Leopold, of Sigl Hanauer's, intends going into the menagerie business next year. His collection at present consists of a hare hawk, two jack rabbits and a diminutive black and tan purp.

Marsh & Wakeman are doing a thriving business at the Merchants. Their personal popularity and a knowledge of that intricate business, "how to keep a hotel," is a guarantee of success.

The principal evening amusement at present seems to be trying the speed of the racers on Main street. Monday night four trotters were on the track. A running race lent variety to the amusement.

The contested land case of Meservey vs. Downer has been tried before Register Rea, and his opinion has been forwarded to the general land office for final decision, this being Register Rea's maiden case.

A. D. Davidson, E. H. Prentiss and H. L. Coats, engineers from the east, were at the Merchants Monday and went west to re inforce the corps of Northern Pacific engineers operating in the Yellowstone valley.

Mr A. T. Sherwood, of the signal office, reports a fine crop on his farm north of the city Mr Cramer, the signal observer, has half a section near the 17th siding and will break 100 acres next spring.

The prairie chickens have had to suffer this week The season for shooting commenced Monday of this week, and hundreds of them have been brought in already. They are said to be unusually plentiful.

Austin Logan, the third street baker, has a span of three year old blooded horses on the steamer Fontenelle. They were purchased for him by Oberne, Hosick & Co., in Sioux City, and are of the best Iowa stock.

Samuel Neill, of Montana, brought down two hundred head of Montana cattle for the Chicago market. They were so long coming down that Mr. Neill is herding them here that they may recruit before being shipped east.

W. B. Watson, the dry goods man, left for New York Thursday morning, where he purchases the largest and most complete stock of goods ever brought to this market. From New York he will take a run down to his old home in Maine, after an absence of twenty-three years.

Two large sales of land have been made in Barnes county, a few miles north of Sanborn One person bought 1,000 acres for immediate cultivation, and another party of ten, who have examined land in Texas, Nebraska and Kansas, have each taken a section and will break half of it next year and the remainder the following year. A stage line is about being established from Sanborn to Grand Rapids.

Val and Bogue are doing a rushing trade at their "all the year around" restaurant and sample room. Doors never locked. Everything to suit the appetite in the shape of "meat or drink."

Dr. Jackson pledged $200 for the Methodist Church when Rev. McCabe was in Bismarck, and Tuesday handed Col. Bull a check for $225, making over $600 raised by him for building the church in addition to his own subscription of $100.

There is a fine pool of water about sixty feet long and twelve or fifteen feet wide on Apple Creek, a short distance south of the water tank. It averages fifteen feet in depth, and has a beaver dam at one end Many swimmers have visited it during the hot spell.

I. O. O. F.

All charter members of Golden Rule Encampment No. 4 are requested to meet at Odd Fellows Hall Tuesday, Aug. 24, at 8 o'clock p. m. sharp, for the institution and installation of officers.

WM. BAGUE,
Deputy Grand Sir.

DIED.

GILREATH—In this city, August 18th, 1880, after long suffering, THOMAS EDWARD, aged 11 months, son of J. W. and Rose Gilreath.

Strayed or Stolen,

From this city Aug. 12, 1880, one pair large bay gelding horses, six years old, marked "S" on left shoulder. A reward of $50 will be paid for their recovery. Jamestown papers please copy. Address

H. HILL,
13-15 Tribune Office.

STACKERS WANTED
On Section 3.
APPLY ON THE FARM, OR TO
C. M. CUSHMAN.

Those wanting a cheap carpet, should call at Watson's. He is selling off at cost to make room for his new stock.

Ladies and Gents, I will sell my entire stock at greatly reduced prices until my new stock arrives. W. B. WATSON.

If you wish to select from the largest stock of Ladies' and Misses Shoes go to WATSON'S.

A large line of colored and white Flannels sold at old prices at Watson's.

Ladies!!—Now is the time to buy an elegant silk pattern in any shade at Watson's.

An elegant line of Satin Damask Towels to be seen at Watson's.

Attention is called to my large line of Carpets which I will sell at very low rates for the next thirty days. Do not fail to call and examine at
W. B. WATSON.

WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC

WANTED Lovers of fine wines and liquors, a good cigar or a "bang up" meal, to call at Bush & McBratney's Palace Restaurant, Mandan, D. T. 1f

For Sale.

FOR SALE CHEAP A 25 horse power engine and boiler, good as new; only been in use four months. I. W. LITCHFIELD, N. P. Junction, Minn.

FOR SALE.—E. H. Ely in addition to his contract with the N. P. for 10,000 tons of coal is prepared to furnish the trade both local and foreign 30tf

FOR SALE.—Hay and oats. Hay in stack or delivered in town. Inquire of Henry Suttle, one mile south of town on the Apple Creek road.

HOTELISTS and Bismarck people generally, who have been short of milk, should order of Oscar Ward, who will keep up with the demands of trade no matter how fast Bismarck may increase its population.

Miscellaneous.

LADIES' fine shoes a specialty. Large invoice just received at MARSHALL'S, 76 Main Street.

GET your watch regulated at Day & Plants. 25½, Main street.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co. Augusta, Maine.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co. Portland, Maine

SEND TO F. G. RICH & Co. Portland, Me., for best Agency Business in the World. Expensive outfit free.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free Address H. HALLETT & Co, Portland, Maine.

FRENCH Kid side lace and buttoned boots, the neatest yet, at MARSHALL'S.

DRY WOOD.—Steamboatmen will find 300 cords of dry wood at Oak Point, 35 miles above Bismarck. C. L. MERRY.

Money to Loan.

MONEY to LOAN. 21f F. J. CALL.

$3,000 TO LOAN on Real Estate or security, in sums to suit. Inquire of FLANNERY & WETHERBY.

MONEY TO LOAN—Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers. Enquire of M. P. SLATTERY. 41tfm 48 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

Bogue & Schreck's
CHOP HOUSE,
Opposite Post Office.
Open Day and Night.
MEALS at ALL HOURS.
Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
13tf

DRY GOODS.

DOCTOR TANNER
Is still in the Ring.
SO IS
DAN. EISENBERG,

Who has gone to New York to purchase his fall and winter stock of Dry Goods and Notions.

I will offer great bargains for the next thirty days in Dry Goods, Carpets, Oil Cloths and Gents' Furnishing Goods, and in fact everything pertaining to my line, in order to make room for my large stock which is about to arrive.

I would also call the attention of my customers to the fact that my store is headquarters in woolens and flannels. Having had the facilities for purchasing these goods before the advance on them, it enables me to sell them cheaper than any other house in the city.

My large stock of Ladies' and Children's Hosiery will also bear inspection, and I will sell them at greatly reduced prices.

My shoe department is complete in every respect, and I would ask all those in need of shoes to first inspect my stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Remember the place, next door to Postoffice, Brick Block.

☞ Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

DAN. EISENBERG.

TONIC

REED'S

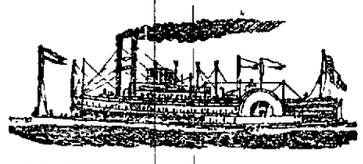
TONIC
—IS A—
THOROUGH REMEDY
for disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, indigestion and disturbances of the animal forces, which debilitate, it has no equivalent, and can have no substitute. It should not be confounded with the triturated compounds of cheap spirits and essential oils, often sold under the name of Bitters.
FOR SALE BY
DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS Everywhere.

E. SCHIFFLER.
FINE
Merchant Tailor,
No. 86 Main St., Opposite Sheridan House, Bismarck, D. T.,
A Selection of both Foreign and Domestic Cloths.

SING for joy! Only $18 for a genuine N. Y. Singer Sewing Machine. Can sew and try before you buy. Elegant finish, best materials, and finest work. Warranted 3 years. Kept in order free. See our book (sent free) before you buy. Try us and save money. Address, ROMAINE BARCOCK, 6 Third Av., Chicago.

COULSON LINE

1880 1880
Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers.
OLD RELIABLE

DAKOTA.  MONTANA.

Coulson Line

Comprised of the following new and elegant passenger steamers, built expressly for the trade, leaving Bismarck regularly during the season of 1880, receiving freight and passengers through to all points East and West, connecting with roads East and West.

MONTANA, DAKOTA, WYOMING, ROSE BUD, BIG HORN.
WESTERN, FAR WEST, KEY WEST, BLACK HILLS

The above steamers are owned and controlled by the Missouri River Transportation Company, fully organized and reliable—not here to day and away to-morrow, "but a fixture we are here to stay."

For information or freight and passenger rates, write or telegraph

W. S. EVANS, Prest., Pittsburgh, Pa.,
S. B. COULSON, Gen'l Manager, Yankton, D. T.,
J. C. McVAY, Gen. Fr't Ag't., Yankton.
D. W. Maratta, Gen. Supt., BISMARCK, D. T.

For the Yellowstone, Sunday, Aug. 22
Steamer BIG HORN.

JEWELERS

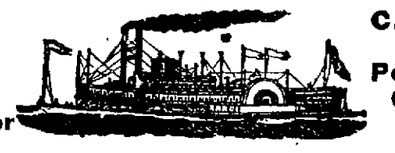
Day & Plants,
Watchmakers and Jewelers.
Also dealers in all kinds of
SEWING MACHINES.

WOOD-WORKERS.

BOSTWICK & ARNOLD,
Variety Wood Workers.
Wood Turning, Scroll Sawing, Office Desks, Screen Doors, &c. Repairing Furniture a specialty. Dunkleberg's shop, opposite R. R. warehouse, Front St.

STEAMBOAT COLUMN

FORT BENTON TRANSPORTATION CO.
BENTON P LINE.
IN CONNECTION WITH THE
Peck Line AND THE Yellowstone Line
Comprising the following ten first-class Steamers:

Benton, Helena, Butte, Gen. Terry, F. Y. Batchelor

C. K. Peck, Nellie Peck, Peninah, Gen. Meade, Fontenelle.

Carrying all Military Stores on the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers and U. S. MAILS on Upper Missouri River.

One of the Peck Line steamers leave Sioux City tri weekly for Fort Pierre, landing for Black Hills, connecting there with F. T. Evans and Dougherty & Co's overland freight trains and daily stages for Deadwood and all points in the Black Hills.

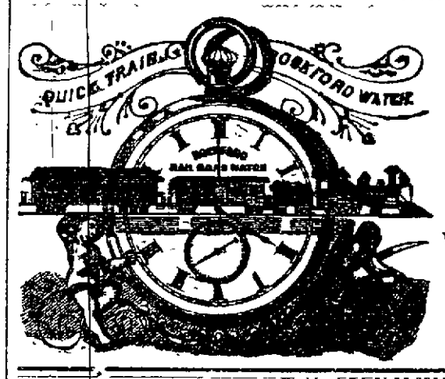
One of the Benton Line Steamers leave Sioux City every Saturday, touching at Bismarck every Saturday for Ft. Benton head waters of Missouri, connecting with T. C. Power & Bro's P. overland freight trains and Benton and Helena Daily Stage Line for "Helena," Butte, Bozeman, Yago Mines and all interior points in Montana. The Yellowstone Line will have a boat leaves Bismarck every Thursday during season of navigation for all points on Yellowstone River.

Steamer HELENA,
—FOR—
FT. BENTON,
Leaves MONDAY, Aug. 23, 10 A. M.

Steamer FONTENELLE,
—FOR—
SIOUX CITY,
SATURDAY, AUG. 21. 10 A. M.

For freight or passage apply to
J. C. BARR, Gen. Agt., Sheridan House,
BISMARCK, DAKOTA.

JEWELERS



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Dealers in Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Eye-Glasses.
Special attention given to all work in our line.
Agents for the justly celebrated ROCKFORD WATCHES.

SHIRTS.

TAKE NOTICE.
Shirts, Shirts, Shirts.
Having had fifteen years experience in the shirt business I assure persons who will be so kind as to call and leave their measure out on short notice for from $1 75 up guarantee a perfect fit to all patterns material used. Shirts turned
Third St., next door to Mrs. Ives' Millinery.
MRS. JANE COOPER.

TONSORIAL ARTISTS

W. H. W. COMER.
Proprietor
TONSORIAL PARLORS,
Main Street, next to Merchants Bank.
Hair-Cutting and Shampooing
A Specialty. Hot and Cold Baths. 4

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

H. KARBERG,
—Dealer in—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Standing Rock Agency, D. T.
Also U. S. Indian Agent. -tf

BUTTER.

1,000 Lbs. GILT EDGE
Farm Packed Butter
Price 25Cts. per Pound.
In about TWENTY POUND PACKAGES. Warranted FIRST-CLASS. Inquire at the Postoffice, Bismarck.

ATTORNEY

Thos. Van Etten,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BISMARCK D. T.

HARNESS-MAKER

D. MACNIDER & CO.
Harness Makers and Saddlers,
Tribune Block. 41 Main St.
Keep a Complete Assortment of
HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, ETC.
Repairing a Specialty. 30tf

SEMINARY.

ST. MARY'S HALL.
FARIBAULT, MINN.
Rt. Rev. H. B. WHIPPLE, D. D., Rector,
Miss S. P. DARLINGTON, Principal.
This is one of the best appointed and most thorough boarding schools for young ladies in the country, and offers superior advantages for education, with an invigorating and healthy climate. It is under the personal supervision of the Bishop, with ten experienced teachers. A foreign teacher resides at the Hall for daily conversation, as well as class instruction, in French and German. The fifteenth school year will begin on Thursday, Sept. 16th, 1880. For Registers, containing full information concerning the School, and for admission, address Bishop WHIPPLE, Faribault, Minn. 8-sept 5

MEDICAL.

Galenic Medical Institute.
45 EAST THIRD ST
SAINT PAUL MINN.

Established 1854 for the cure of Private Nervous, and Chronic Diseases, including Spermatorrhoea or Seminal Weakness, Nervous Debility, Impotency, Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Diseases of Women, &c.

The Physicians of this old and reliable Institute specially treat all the above diseases, are regular graduates and guarantee a cure in every case undertaken, and may be consulted personally or by letter.

No Fee Till Cured

Sufferers from any of those ailments, before consulting others should understand their diseases and the latest improved treatment adopted at our institute by reading our books.

THE SECRET MONITOR and Guide to Health, a private Medical Treatise on the above Diseases with the anatomy and physiology of the Sexual System in Health and Disease, containing 32 pages and over 100 plates and engravings, sent on receipt of fifty cents or stamps.

A Private Medical Pamphlet of 32 pages and chart of Questions for stating case sent free.

All business strictly confidential. Office hours 8 a.m. to 7 p.m. Sundays excepted. Address as above.

DR. FELLER'S
Private
MEDICAL DISPENSARY,
42 Jackson Street Saint Paul Minnesota.
[Four doors from Merchant's Hotel.]
Speedily Cures all Private, Nervous and Chronic Diseases without the use of Mercury or hindrance from business
NO CURE, NO PAY
Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, and all old, lingering cases where the blood has become poisoned, causing blotches, sore throat, pains in the head and bones, and all diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, are CURED FOR LIFE.
Young, Middle Aged and Old Men who are suffering from the terrible effects of Seminal Weakness, Sexual Debility and loss of Sexual Power, as the result of self abuse in youth or excesses of mature years, producing emissions, nervousness, indigestion, constipation, despondency, loss of memory, etc., are thoroughly and permanently cured in a short time, where all others have failed, by Dr. F.
The doctor is a regular graduate of many years experience in this specialty. His remedies having been used for over thirty years, and having never failed in curing even the worst cases, he is able to guarantee a certain and speedy cure for all troubles of a private nature. Consultation personally or by letter free. Cases and correspondence sacredly confidential. Write for List of Questions. His patients are being treated by mail and express everywhere. Office hours, 9 a.m. to 12 m., and 1 30 to 8 p.m. Sundays closed.

Free Gift! TO ALL who suffer with RHEUMATISM, PARALYSIS, NEURALGIA, NERVOUS and SEXUAL DEBILITY, General Ill Health, Wasting, Decay, Urinary Diseases, Spinal Diseases, Dyspepsia, Etc., Etc., to whom will be sent my book on Medical Electricity, and Electro Galvanic Belts, world renowned for their success in saving many lives, by Curing All CHRONIC DISEASES. Send Symptoms and stamp for Diagnosis to DR. G. W. FORBES, 174 W. Fourth St. Cincinnati, O.

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